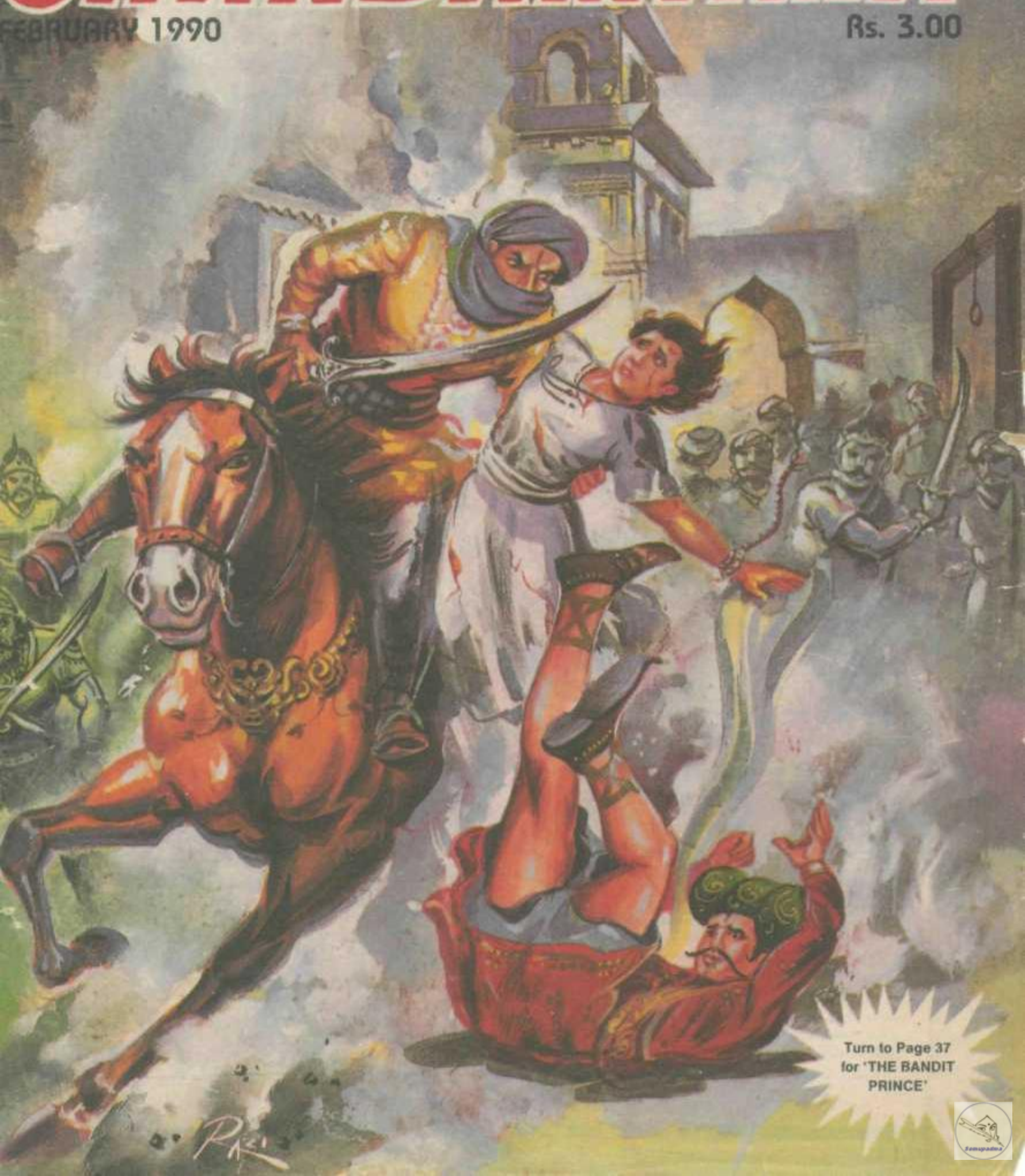


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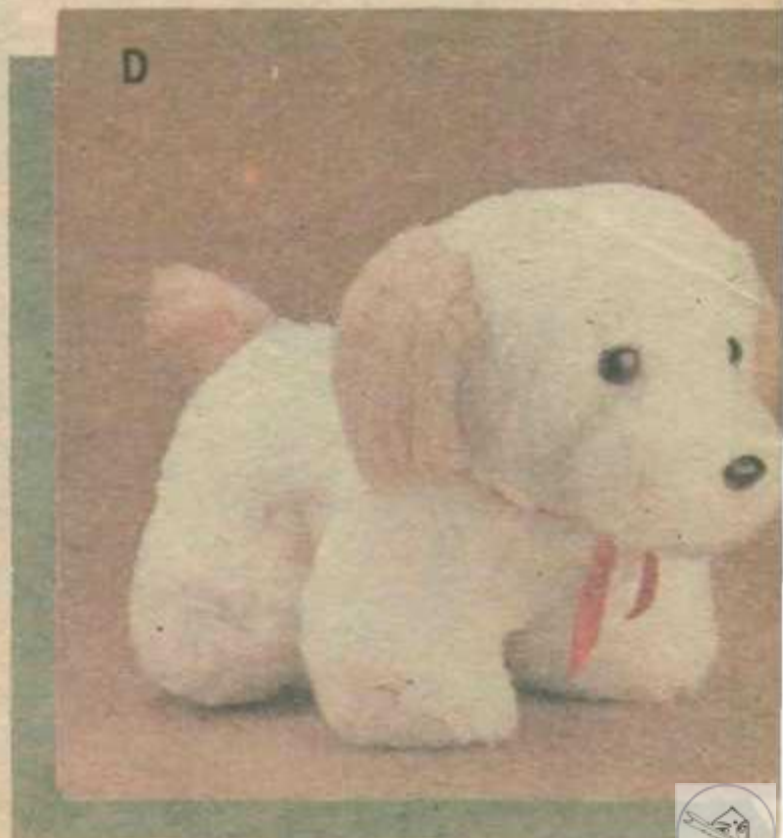
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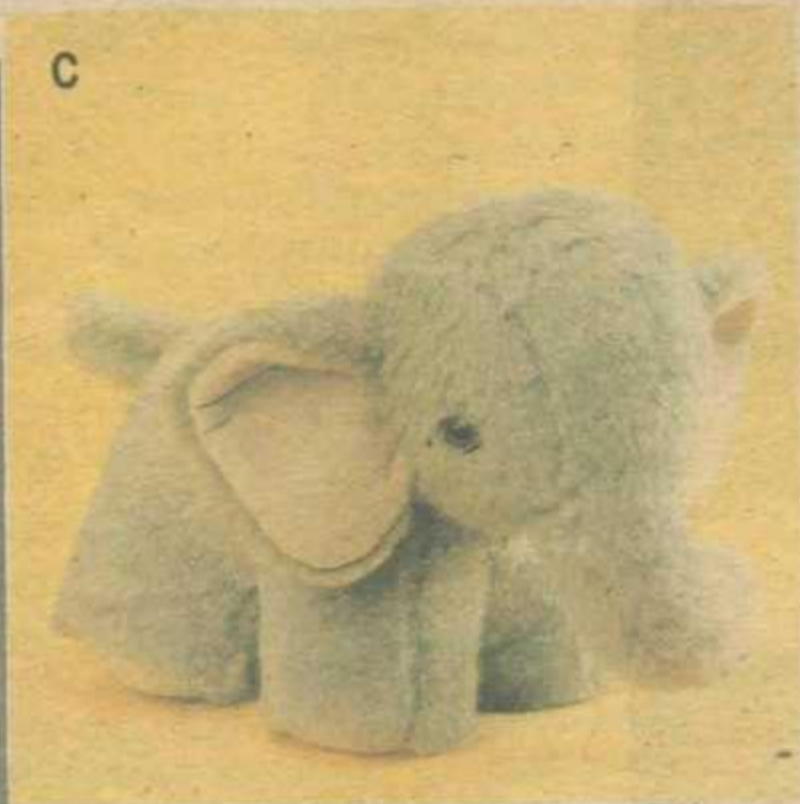
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# CHANDAMAMA

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and More!**

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The Buddha explains his message through tales—in the **STORY OF BUDDHA**

A humorous story through pictures; a bunch of absorbing tales, along with all the regular features.

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## OUR BRAVE CHILDREN

On the Republic Day a group of children were honoured for their bravery. Each one of them had acted promptly and courageously in the face of some danger, in order to save or help someone else. In doing so, he or she did not care for his or her own safety.

It is easy to stand in a crowd and shout bold slogans, to speak boldly or even to act boldly. One then knows that if danger comes, it would be shared by all. But it is a different thing to act all on a sudden, inspired by nothing but the readiness to help a person in distress. Only a boy or a girl who is selfless, who loves his or her fellow human beings, can be truly courageous in this way.

If there are so many people in the world who are ready to destroy other lives, there are also some who are ready to protect other lives, at a risk to their own lives. We pity the former and hail the latter.



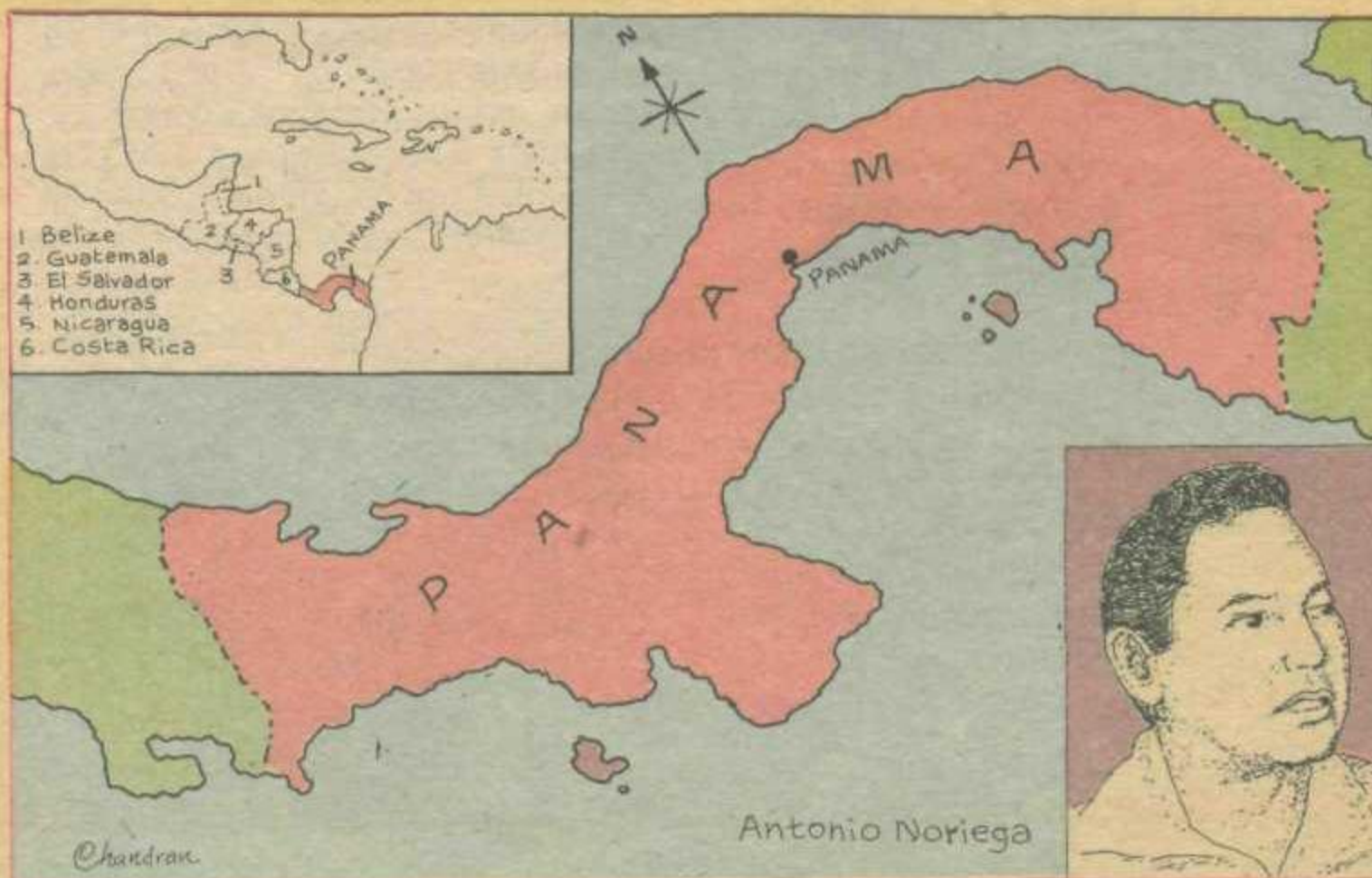
## TRAGEDY OF A LOVELY LAND

**P**anama is in news because on the 20th of December 1989 the U.S.A. invaded it in order to dethrone Mr. Antonio Noriega, who ruled the country as a military dictator. Even after he lost in the Elections to a politician, Mr. Endara, he refused to vacate his chair.

Mr. Noriega is certainly wrong. But is the U.S.A. right in interfering in the affairs of another country? That is the question which so many other nations have raised. Those who

support the American action argue that it is not only because Mr. Noriega was a ruthless dictator that the U.S.A. decided to topple him, but also because he is notorious as a drug-trafficker. He derives his power from the fabulous wealth earned through driving millions of young men and women all over the world into the hell of drug-addiction. He has been ruthless towards anybody who opposes him, during the last six years.

Panama, the beautiful coun-





try, is one of the seven countries which form Central America. The other six are Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Belize. The tropical rain forests, hills with volcanoes raising their fearful heads amidst the lush green jungles, miles and miles of picturesque orchids, make Panama a lovely wilderness. But the two million common people are not

happy. They are under great pressure brought about by the clash between ambitious politicians. The tragedy of Panama is a warning for the other countries. Unless the people of different countries do everything possible to check the drug menace, it will play havoc with even the governments, what to speak of the lives of the youth.

## NEWS FLASH



### WHO ARE THE WORLD'S RICHEST PEOPLE?

The Swiss are the richest in the world on a per capita basis, according to the latest World Bank report.

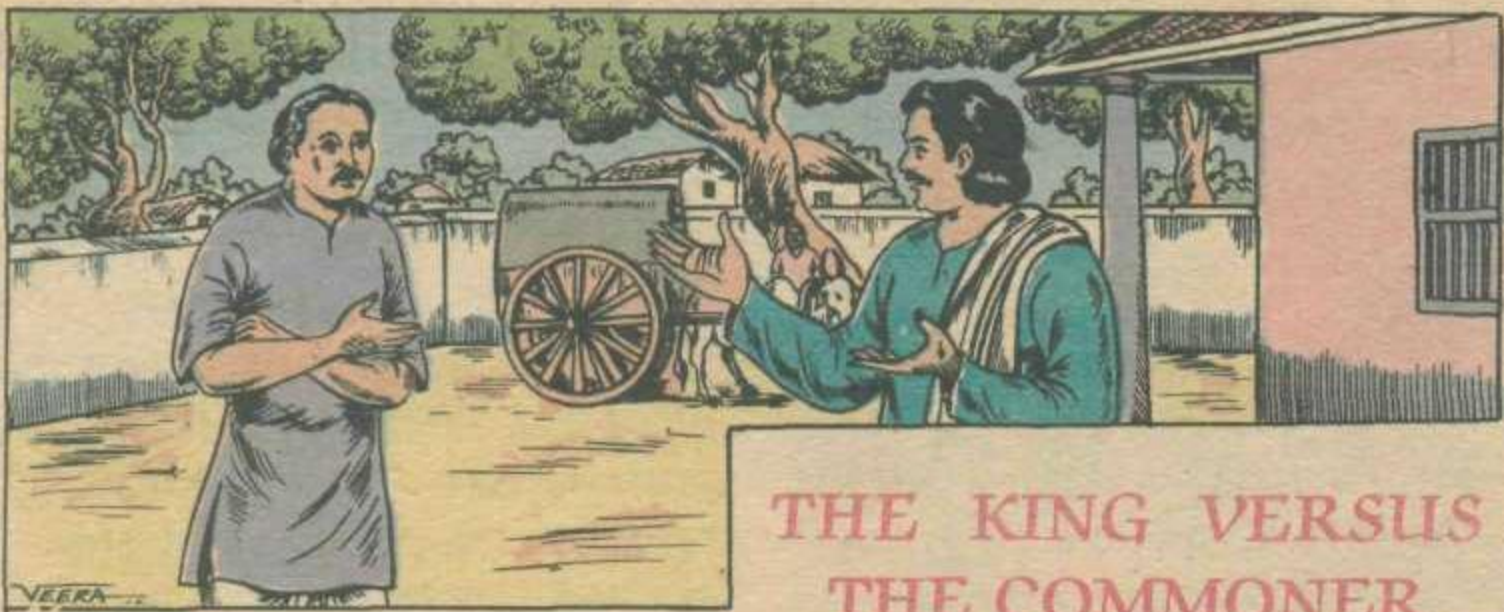
The Swiss per capita income was \$27,260 a year in 1988, the year for which comparable statistics have been available.

### THE EARTHQUAKE ALARM

Three friends in Los Angeles have made a small instrument which will warn people in their houses that an earthquake is coming. The instrument records minute vibrations which the earth feels before a quake and sets the alarm. It will be soon available all over the world, rather cheap.







## THE KING VERSUS THE COMMONER

**S**hankarpur was a prosperous village in the kingdom of Avanti. And Amarnath was the most popular man in the village.

Amarnath spent all his money and time serving the people. And the people always looked forward to his help because Avanti was then ruled by Chakranemi, a king notorious for his greed and cruelty. Around the king there were some selfish people who flattered him and exploited the people in his name. There was no welfare work anywhere in the kingdom. If there was a flood or famine, the king did nothing to remove the misery of the people. If there was an epidemic, the king sent no doctor or relief to the sufferers.

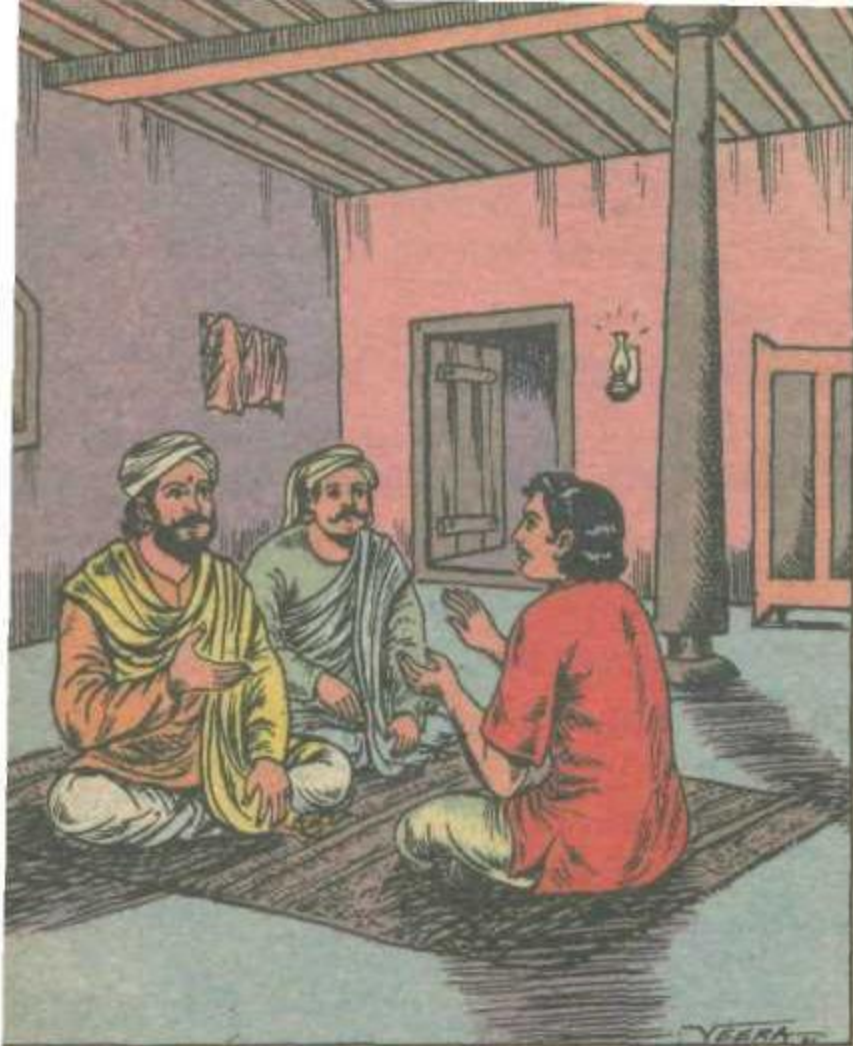
At such moments of crisis Amarnath did everything he could. Naturally, he grew very popular. They revered him as

they would revere a guru.

Amarnath died. His son Shekhar resolved to keep up the tradition of his father. He also wanted to be a philanthrope and a true servant of the people. But times changed suddenly. King Chakranemi also died. His son ascended the throne. The new king was totally different from his father. He drove away the flatterers who surrounded his father; he began to tour the country and find out the problems the people faced. While Shekhar was planning to open a relief centre for the extremely poor people at Shankarpur, the king himself opened such a centre.

One night two travellers met Shekhar in the street and asked him if there was any guest-house in the village where they can pass the night. Shekhar told them, "I





shall be most happy if you pass the night as my guests. There is no guest-house in our village."

"We are thankful to you. We will be happy to accept your hospitality. But we are surprised that there is no guest-house in such a prosperous village which is centrally located," said the travellers.

"You have given me an idea. I will build a guest-house for travellers like you," said Shekhar.

"Why should you? Is it not the king's duty to build a guest-house here?" asked one of the travellers.

"My father was famous for his

welfare activities. But I have hardly any opportunity to follow his path because the new king is doing whatever I would have done!" observed Shekhar.

The travellers laughed. One of them said, "It is necessary for the king to do so many things because his father had done nothing! The new king must earn popularity whereas you are already dear to the people on account of your father's popularity."

The other traveller asked, "Are you sorry because the king is doing so many things?"

"No, no. I am sorry because I am unable to do anything. However, I will begin building a guest-house," said Shekhar.

His guests left in the morning. Next day the king's officials visited the village and decided upon a place where to build a guest-house. Shekhar had no chance to do it.

"Very well," he told the officials, "I will build an orphanage."

After a week news reached that an orphanage was going to be built in a small town which was not far from Shankarpur. The king was building it.

Next, Shekhar decided to dig a



very big and deep pond for the benefit of the villagers as well as those who resided in the guest-house. But he was informed that the pond was a part of the king's plans for the village.

Thereafter Shekhar kept quiet. A month passed. One day two messengers from the king met him. They conveyed to him the king's desire to see him. Shekhar proceeded to the capital and met the king.

"Shekhar! Do you recognise us?" asked the king who sat along with his minister.

"I do, my lord! You and the minister had accepted my hospitality in disguise" said Shekhar.

"We are pleasantly surprised! Did you know at that time that we were the king and the minister?" asked the king.

"My lord! I suspected it. But when, soon after you left, we

learnt that a guest-house was to be built in our village, I became sure of your identity!" said Shekhar.

"That is interesting!" observed the king.

"My lord, I must confess that building an orphanage or digging a pond was beyond my capacity. Yet I announced my decision to go for them so that you will hear about my plans and realise that they were necessary for our village," said Shekhar.

"You are very clever!" said the minister.

"Not only clever, but also wise!" said the king. "I want you to become my adviser. I would like you to tour the kingdom and tell me what are the projects I should take up for my people," he added.

Shekhar happily accepted the offer.







## THE POOR MAN'S NIGHTMARE

It was a holiday for the king's court. Late in the afternoon, the king was enjoying a stroll on the terrace of his palace when he saw a poor villager approaching the guards at the gate.

"What do you want?" asked the guards.

"I want the king to have a good bath in the stream, pass a night enjoying the reflection of the moon on the waters and listening to the songs of the birds," said the villager.

"Get out, you mad man! What have you to do with the king bathing in a stream? Why should he? Does he not have enough water in the fragrant pools in the palace?"

"But I want him to enjoy the natural scenery as soon as possible..."

"Get out, we say. Otherwise we give you a thrashing!" threatened the guards.

"But the king must bathe, he must enjoy the natural scenery. On that depends my livelihood!" said the villager.

The guards lost patience. They raised their lathis to bring them down on the poor man when the king shouted, "Stop".

Little did the guards know that the king had been a witness to the encounter. They stood still. The king asked the villager to come in.

By and by the villager told his





story. One day some soldiers found his hut on the stream and told him to vacate it. "The king proposes to spend a night here. He would bathe in the stream and enjoy the reflection of the moon on the waters and listen to the songs of the birds."

The villager who lived by catching fish in the spring was obliged to vacate the place. But a full year had passed. The king had not camped there.

The king was surprised to hear this. He began an investigation. Slowly the truth emerged. One day he had told his court-poet

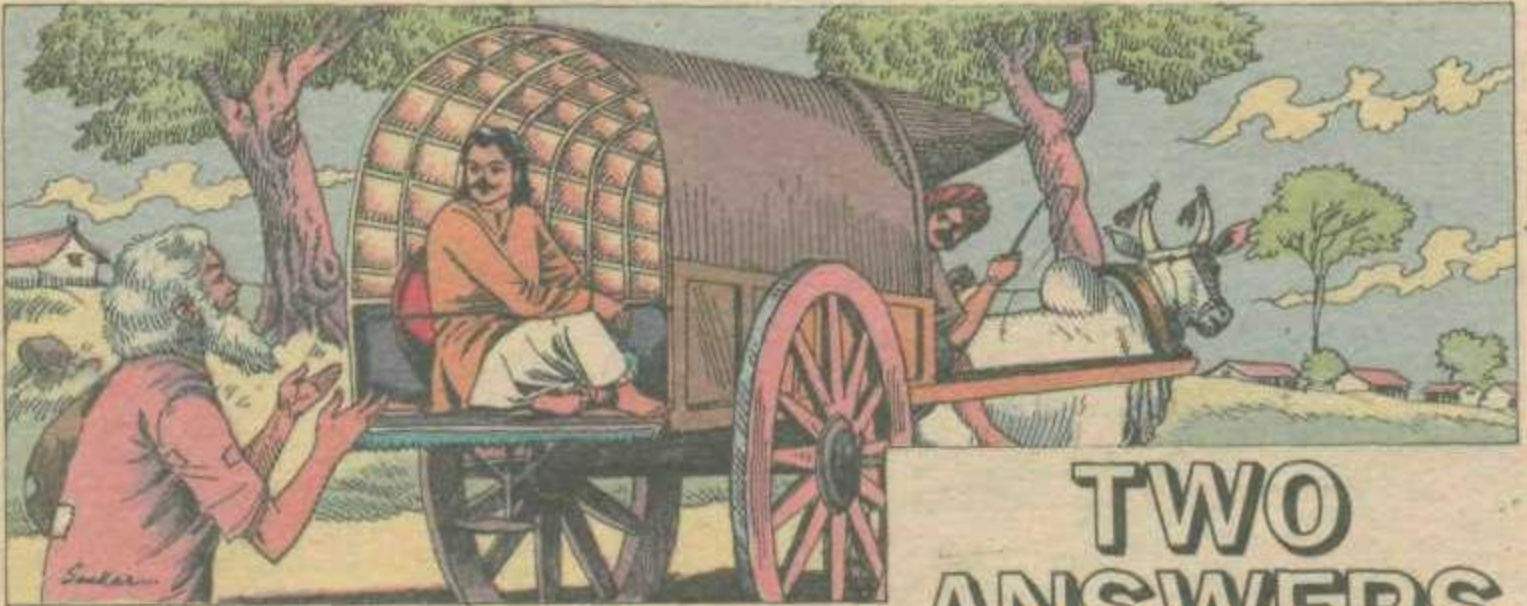
that he would like to spend a night in a natural surrounding. The court-poet had passed on the message to the kotwal. The kotwal had ordered his deputies to locate a suitable place. So, the villager had been driven out of his hut!

"Only if my officials were half as keen to serve my people! But they are not. They are just eager to please me, at the cost of others!" sighed the king. He gave compensation to the villager and asked the kotwal never to harass anybody without his specific instruction.

*Only my death will determine whether I am 'Mohamed Gandhi', Jinnah's slave, destroyer of the Hindu religion or its true servant and protector.*

**—Mahatma Gandhi**





## TWO ANSWERS

It was evening. Chandranath was returning from the town. A stranger stopped his cart and said, "Sir, I am tired of walking. I am willing to hire a cart, but I cannot find any. Will you kindly give me a lift up to Hirakund?"

Hirakund would come on the way. Chandranath had no hesitation in letting the stranger board his cart.

By and by Chandranath understood that the stranger's name was Harihar. He had been to the Himalayas. He had been much troubled by problems at home and he looked for some spiritual help to solve his problems. At last he had got it from a yogi. "Here is a blessed thing," he told Chandranath showing a small piece of stone to him. Something was written on the stone.

"The yogi has asked me to keep this is my Puja room. All my problems will be solved," he said.

It became night. Both the passengers fell asleep. The carter woke up Chandranath and said, "Sir, we have reached Hirakund."

Chandranath gave a shake to Harihar. But what is this? Harihar's body was cold. There was no sign of life in it!

Chandranath knew the headman of Hirakund. He told him all about Harihar. The headman led the cart to Harihar's house. Harihar's wife was given the sad news. There was wailing in the family. Villagers gathered and took charge of the dead body. By the time Chandranath could leave the village, it was midnight. He reached his own village at dawn.



While getting off the cart he found that the stone Harihar had showed him lying on the mat. He picked it up and kept it in his own Puja room. He thought of giving it to Harihar's widow when he would pass through Hirakund three days later.

At night he dreamt about his only son. Someone came and told him, "Why is your son looking for a job?" Chandranath was surprised. He called his son and asked him why he must look for a job! Said the son in reply, "I am a young man capable of looking after myself and my parents. Why should I not work?"

At this point Chandranath woke up.

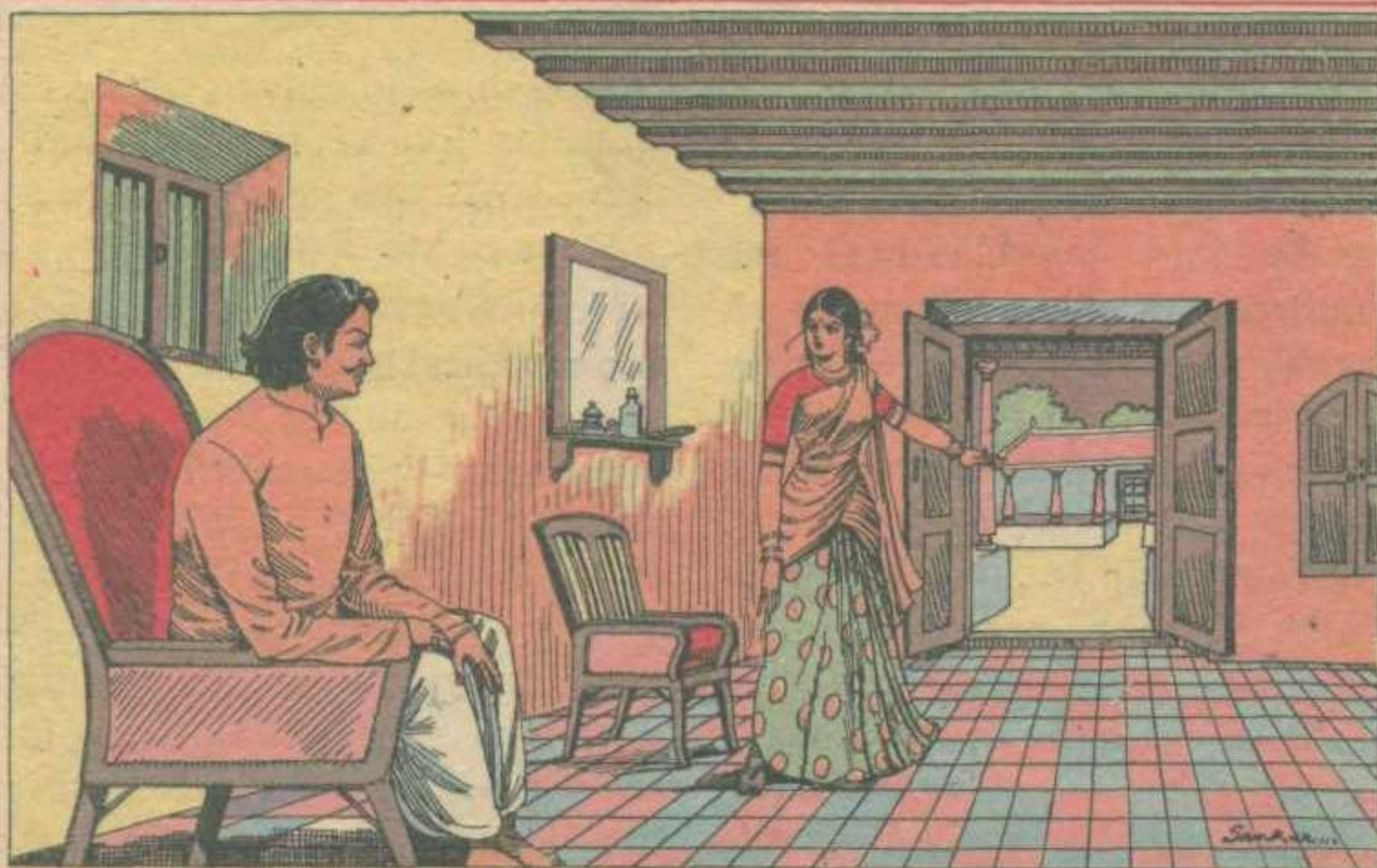
On the second night he dreamt about his daughter. "Father," said the girl, "I must marry our neighbour's son!"

"But that is not possible!" said Chandranath, quite annoyed.

"But I will make that possible!" the daughter rebuffed him. Chandranath woke up at this point.

The next night he dreamt about his wife. She was suffering from asthma and was groaning, but she said, "I feel that I will be soon cured."

After three days, as scheduled, Chandranath started for the







town. He stopped at Hirakund and went to Harihar's house. He gave her the stone and said, "It was your husband's plan to keep this in his Puja room."

The widow accepted the stone and said, "My son is an idler. He does not look for any job. Our neighbour's son is an extremely good boy and he is willing to marry my daughter without any dowry. But my daughter is not willing to marry him. I am suffering from an acute attack of asthma. Many are our problems!"

Chandranath heard her with

amazement. He understood that he had dreamt all that was happening in this family and should happen, but in a different way.

"My sister! Keep this stone in the Puja room and I believe that the problems will be solved," he said.

After some months, while passing through Hirakund once again, he learnt that Harihar's son had found a job through his own effort and was maintaining his mother, Harihar's daughter had married the neighbour's son of her own will and the widow's asthma had been cured!

*What ... does Jesus mean to me? To me, He was one of the greatest teachers humanity has ever had.*

**—Mahatma Gandhi**





STORY OF

# BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

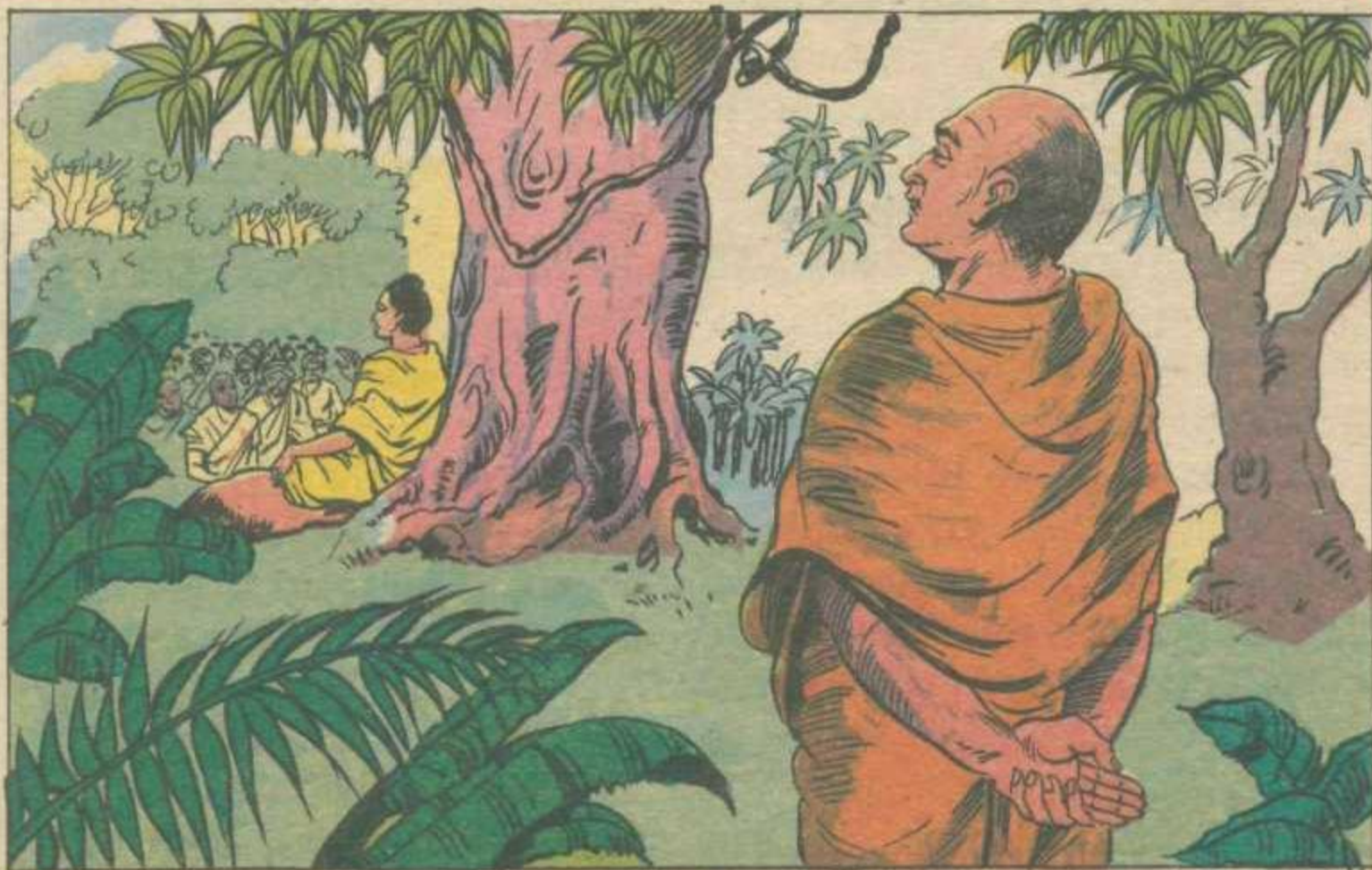
*(The Buddha taught the seekers not only through gospels, but also through examples. His younger brother and his son too were initiated by him.)*

## A DANGEROUS DISCIPLE

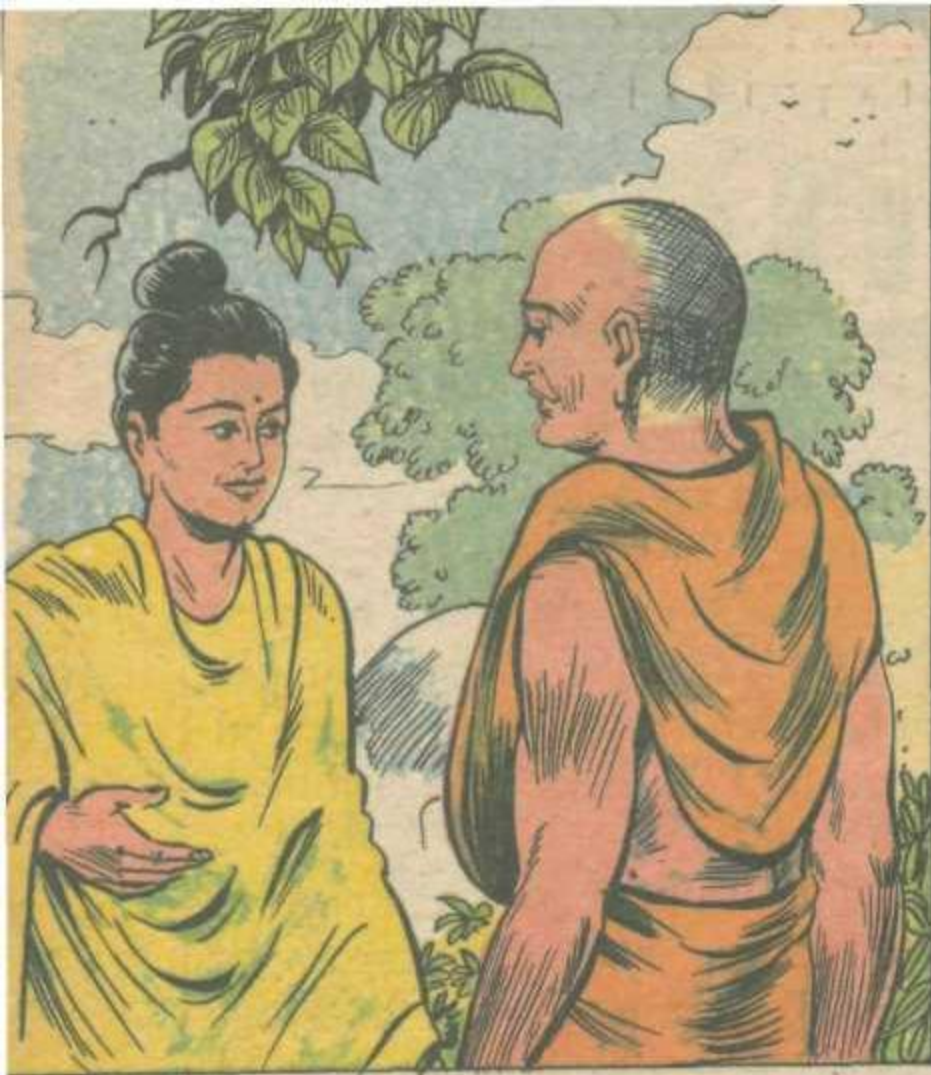
**W**hile tens of thousands of people were overwhelmed by the teachings of the Buddha and accepted him as their Master, there were some who confronted him with difficult questions on philosophy. The Buddha, with great patience, answered their queries. They

were generally satisfied.

But one man was never satisfied, not because he had any great question in his mind, but because he was terribly ambitious. His one cherished desire was to become a guru himself, to take the place of the Buddha, even though he had formally accepted







the Buddha as his Master.

He was Devdutta, a cousin of the Buddha. He was envious of the Buddha even when the latter was a small boy. Afterwards he had been greatly offended because he tried but failed to win the hand of Princess Yasodhara who married Prince Siddhartha.

The Buddha had no attachment for anything, but he did not like to make a show of his detachment. When a devotee brought him a gift, he did not refuse it lest the devotee should feel hurt. Outward discipline had its own place in life, but much more important for him was one's inner attitude. A true

conquest of desires was the goal, not to make a demonstration of that conquest. Devdutta carried on a whisper campaign among the disciples that the Buddha loved comfort and as such was unable to guide his disciples along the true path. One day he met the Buddha and said, "My lord, we ought to follow a more rigid code of conduct. Your followers should not wear anything but what they can collect from cremation grounds or streets—linen and rags discarded by people. They should live in the forests only and never in parks or towns. They should eat what they receive through begging and not what is given to them as gifts."

The Buddha did not like to impose such false rules on his disciples, but he also did not like to ridicule Devdutta's ideas. "I have no objection to anybody following such rules, but there is no point in making such rules compulsory," he said.

Devdutta tried to persuade the Buddha's followers to accept his rules. He hoped that the people will praise him for his high ideals, but very few cared for his theory. "We will do whatever the Master asks us to do," was the reply he



received from most. They trusted Sariputta and Maugallayan as the Master's messengers, not Devdutta.

Devdutta felt more and more frustrated. Envy and ambition consumed him. In his wretched mind he planned to kill the Buddha.

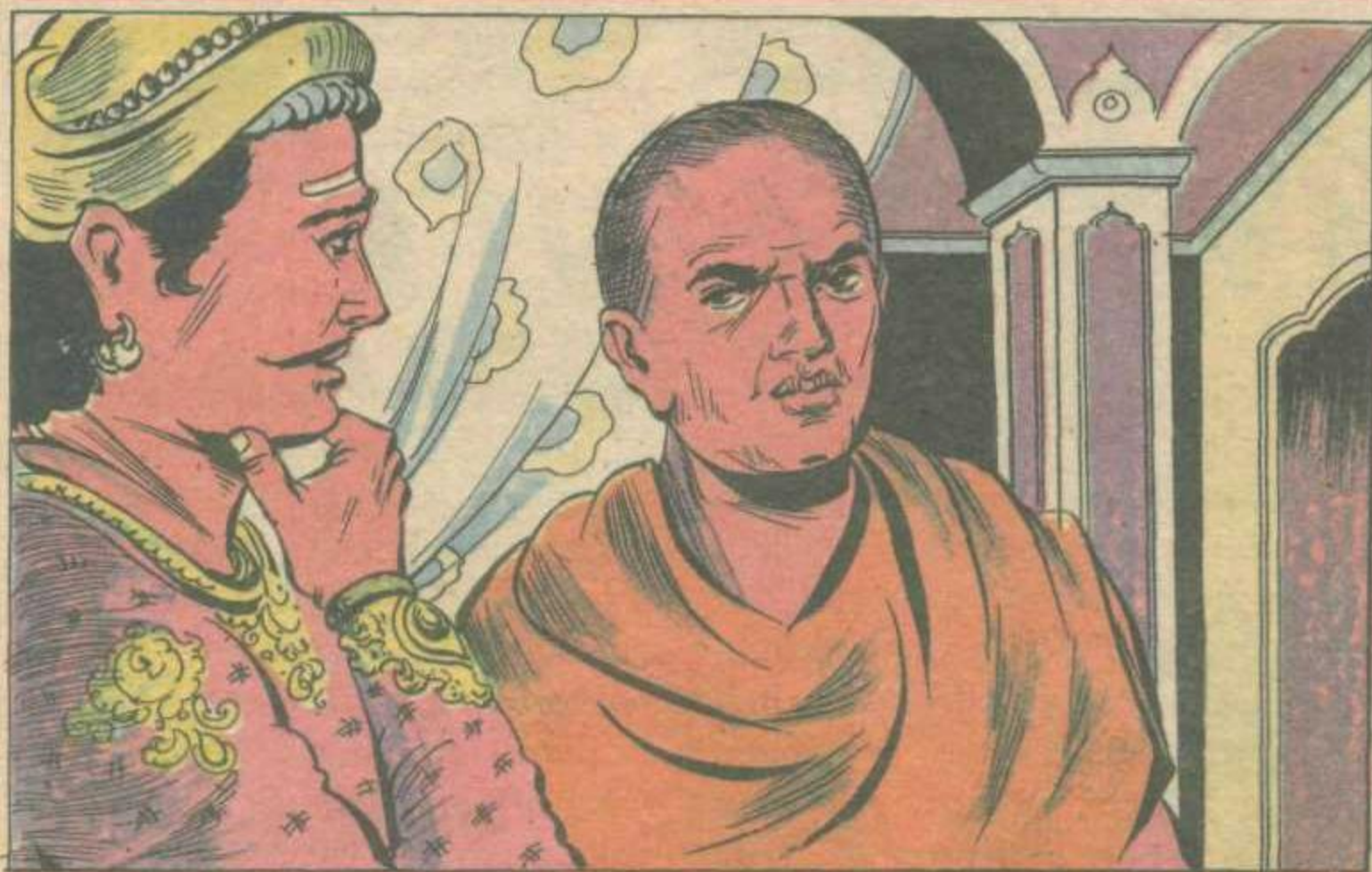
He had a friend in Prince Ajatashatru of Magadha. "My friend," he told him, "by now your father should have passed on the throne to you. He is already old and weak. What use becoming a king after one's youth is passed?" By and by he poisoned Ajatashatru's mind to such a degree that

the prince killed his father, King Bimbisara, and ascended the throne.

"My friend," Devdutta told Ajatashatru, "I am glad to see you wear the crown. Will you not be glad to see the spiritual crown fixed on my head?"

Ajatashatru got the hint. He had sinned himself. Now he must help his friend commit a sin! He placed the services of sixteen of his best archers at Devdutta's disposal.

The Buddha was camping at Venuvana, on the outskirts of Rajagriha, the capital of Magadha. He was in the habit of taking a long walk, every even-





ing, along a grove. He was left alone at that time. The archers were made to take positions behind rocks and on some of the trees. Two or three of them were to shoot their arrows at the same time so that the Buddha would be at once killed, not merely wounded. If the first two or three failed in their mission, the next two or three were to use their bows when the Buddha advanced a little farther.

Not far from Venuvana, Devdutta waited with suppressed excitement to receive the news of the Buddha's death. He knew what he ought to do when the news of the assassination would

reach him. He was to shout with feigned horror, "I knew that lonely grove to be the haunt of bandits. I had warned the Buddha not to move about alone. But he paid no heed to my advice!" Devdutta's confidants were to propose his name as the new Master of the *Sangha*—the Buddhist order. He was sure, Sariputta and Maugallayan would shy away from any contest for leadership.

Soon Devdutta saw two of the archers approaching him with hesitant steps. "Have you done it?" he asked them, going closer to them.

"No. We could not do it," they





replied.

Terribly disappointed, Devdutta asked them, "Why? What happened?"

"We also wonder what happened. We just could not discharge our arrows at the Buddha. Our hands were as though paralysed," they admitted.

"Where are the others?" Devdutta asked after a pause.

"They fell at the Buddha's feet and then followed him."

Devdutta stood aghast. Those archers would tell the Buddha who had set them to kill him. Soon all the others would come to know about it. He must do everything possible to kill the Buddha without any delay.

He bribed the mahout of a huge elephant named Nilagiri. The elephant was notorious for its ferocity. Whoever came in its way was trampled by it. It obeyed

none but its mahout.

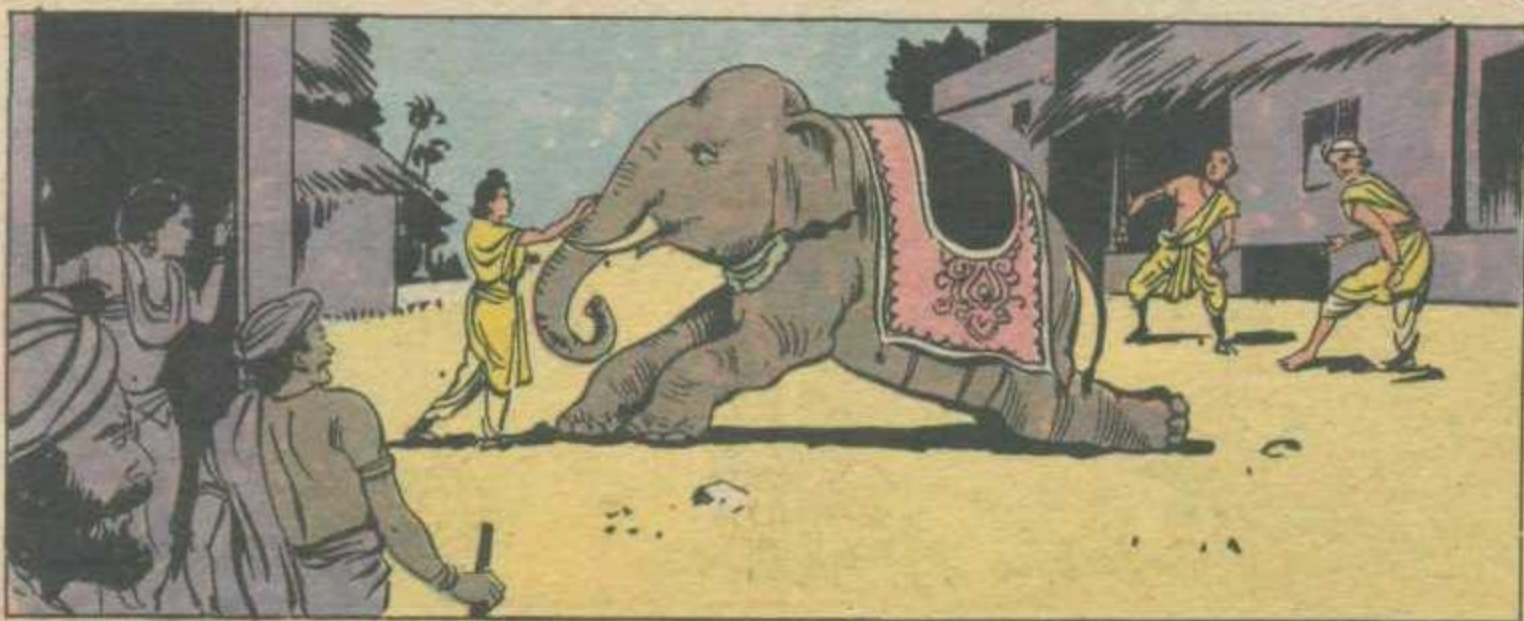
Next day, at Devdutta's instruction, the mahout gave Nilagiri a drink which would make it run amuck. When the Buddha was out for his evening stroll, the mahout let loose the terrible Nilagiri. It came rushing upon the Buddha. Some passers-by, while running for their safety, shouted at the Buddha to move away.

But the Buddha showed no sign of fear. He stood still, gazing at the elephant. The animal slowed down and then crouched before the Buddha and lowered its head. The Buddha blessed it.

The mahout who looked on from his hiding, was stunned.

"Child, go back to your stable," said the Buddha. The elephant stood up, trumpeted and went away.

—To continue





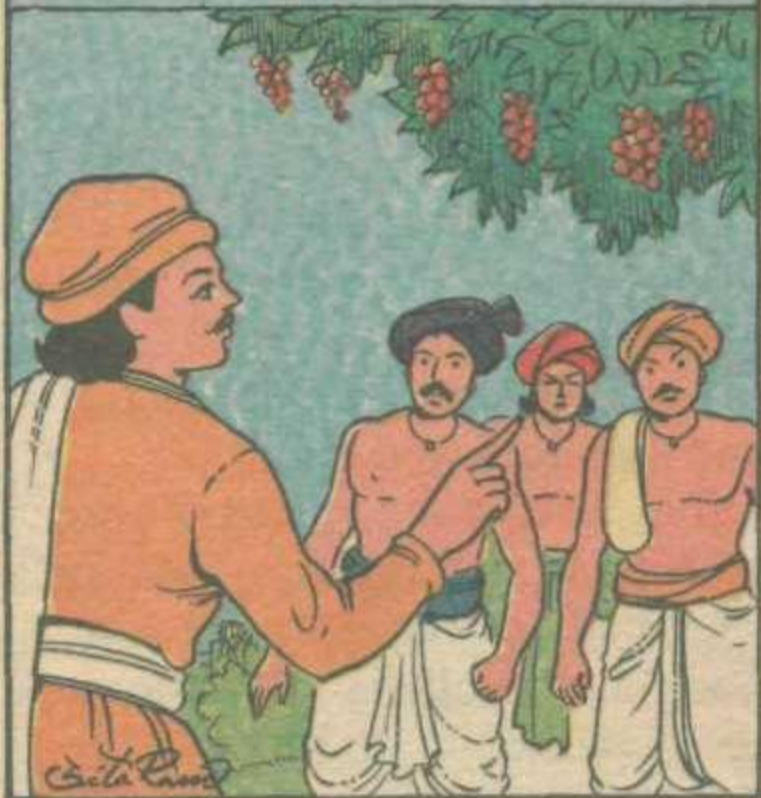
## TALES OF BIRBAL

### THE ONE TO STAY



Emperor Akbar was strolling in a garden behind his palace, along with Birbal. Suddenly he told Birbal, "I've an idea. Only female malis should work in the garden."

Birbal asked all the male workers to quit the garden. They were surprised, but they had to leave.



A group of young ladies were appointed to look after the garden. Birbal thus completed the work given to him by the emperor.

"Have you driven out all the males from the garden?" Akbar asked Birbal. "To the best of my capacity, my lord. But one male can never be driven out!" replied Birbal.





"Who has the audacity to defy my order?" asked the angry Akbar and he went to the garden to find out for himself.



Akbar surveyed the garden and told Birbal who stood at the gate, "Where is he? I don't see him!"

"My lord, he must be in the well," said Birbal. At once Akbar went near the well and looked in. He saw his own reflection.



Akbar returned to Birbal smilingly and said, "Yes, I have seen him. I don't mind his being in the garden occasionally."





## THE POSTAGE STAMP

the use of envelopes with a stamp printed on it. Now, one had to pay for it before using it.

In India, before the modern postage stamps came into vogue, handstruck stamps known as Bishopmark were in use. Sir Bartle Frere introduced the 'Scinde Dawks' in 1852. They were unperforated, half-anna (three paise of today) stamps embossed with a circular design—the bale-mark of the East India Company, in red, white or blue. Though the first of its kind in Asia, it was restricted to the Sind region and the Bombay-Karachi route.

**A**t some stage in our lives some of us develop a fascination for tiny pieces of coloured paper which we begin to collect avidly. And what is most pleasantly surprising—our parents, teachers and others close to us encourage it. What is this paper? A postage stamp.

How did the postage stamp come to be affixed at a corner of an envelope?

In the early stages of the postal system, service charges were often collected from the addressee. This was expensive and not easy. Rowland Hill of Britain studied the problem and invented

The British Government in 1853, proposed uniform use of stamps all over India. Captain Thullier, the Deputy Surveyor-General of India, supervised the production of the half-anna, blue coloured stamps of Queen Victo-



ria's head at the Calcutta Mint and its release in September 1854.

Printing was done by Messrs. De La Rue & Co. of London from 1856 till 1926. Various denominations carrying the imprints of heads of successive British monarchs were issued. The Indian Security Press, Nasik, took over the printing of stamps in 1926, and today its printing is done by the photogravure process.

British India was the first state to release a set of six air mail stamps of the De Havilland aircraft with its king's portrait in 1929. The advent of pictorial stamps saw the printing of various events of world importance—the new capital—New Delhi—victory in World War II, etc.

India's independence naturally brought with it a changed outlook and new ideas. The first post-Independence stamp depicted emperor Asoka's lion capital with the inscription 'Jai Hind' in Hindi. It was of one-and-a-half anna denomination. Thenceforth historical monuments and figures, artists, nature, events taking place all



over the world have been commemorated.

Are you a budding philatelist? Do you know how your hobby began?

The word *Philately* is a combination of two Greek words, *philos* meaning 'love for' or 'fond of' and *ateles* meaning 'exemption from tax'. There was once a young English lady who collected stamps to decorate her dressing room. When her collection grew to 16,000 stamps she advertised in the *London Times* in 1841, requesting contributions. Stamp collection was once merely a pastime, but it has since





then grown into a subject of serious research and fascinating discoveries.

Today collectors specialise in particular themes, for the number of stamps issued the world over exceeds 1,80,000. A specific theme by itself therefore soon grows into a vast collection.

Apart from the those who collect stamps for their aesthetic value, there are those who collect them for their commercial value. Are you aware of the unusual fact that a defective stamp is a collector's prize possession? Yes, a defective stamp is a rarity, and therefore very valuable in the market. Among the Indian stamps the 'Indian four-anna

Inverted Head' is one. One of our earliest stamps, the head was printed inverted in relation to the frame. The error was noted only in 1874 and the 24 copies available are now valued at more than Rs.25,000 each!

But the world's greatest rarity is the one-cent stamp issued in 1856 by British Guiana of which only one copy exists! And the world's strangest stamp is probably the Yano-Seal stamp issued by the Japanese Occupation Forces in Burma.

Do you want to know more interesting facts? Start your own stamp collection and it will lead you through the amazing world of stamps.

—Uma K.







LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

## A GIFT FOR THE QUEEN

**A** sage camped at the foot of a hill. Those who knew that he was a great soul went to meet him and sought his blessings.

By and by many more went to him out of sheer curiosity. "If the sage truly has some spiritual power, maybe his blessings would benefit us. Why not meet him and bow to him? We are not losing anything!" This was their attitude.

The queen of the land too heard about the sage. She was always disturbed by many problems. She had no peace of mind. Once she saw the sage when he was passing by the palace, from her window at the top floor of her palace. There was a sort of

serenity on the sage's face which charmed her. She told her chief maid that she would like to meet him.

Next day the queen's chief maid met the sage and informed him about the queen's desire to see him. "She is welcome," said the sage. In the afternoon, riding her bejewelled palanquin, the queen arrived at the foot of the hill and walked into the sage's presence.

She prostrated herself to the sage. When she lifted her head, the sage held out something for her. She spread her palms before him. The sage gave her a gold necklace.

The queen was surprised. She







had expected a flower or a fruit or a bit of the sacred ash or a little sandalwood paste. She did not look for any costly present from a hermit. She hesitated; her palms continued to remain unfolded.

The sage understood the cause of her hesitation. "My daughter, are you not a queen? Should I not give you something which befits your status?" he said with a smile.

"But, father, I had no desire for any costly gift from you!" said the queen.

"What did you wish to have then?" asked the sage.

The queen had not thought about this. She did not know

what to say. She murmured, "But I have a large number of costly chains!"

"That is natural. So, tell me, what is it that would satisfy you?" the sage asked in an affectionate tone.

The queen had meanwhile thought out an answer. "Give me something that would help me find my soul," she said.

"My daughter, if you are looking for your soul, this necklace would help you find it. But continue to look for your soul. Do not give up your search for it," said the sage.

The queen was happy. "Father, should I wear it like any other necklace or it requires any special care?" she asked.

"This one requires some care—not very special. Just take it out before you fall asleep and keep it under your pillow. In the morning put it on again, while reminding yourself about the need for finding your soul," instructed the sage.

The queen thanked the sage and went away. As days passed, she grew more and more fond of the necklace. There was something very beautiful about it.





That is what she felt, though for all the others it was an ordinary necklace. She never forgot to take it out at night and keep it under her pillow. The first thing she did in the morning was to put it on.

One morning she did not find the necklace under her pillow. She looked for it again and again—under the pillow, under the bed and also under the bedstead. She shouted for her maids. They came rushing and they too looked for it with great attention. But the search proved futile.

The queen's younger sister came in and learnt about the missing necklace. She knew that there was a festive function in the palace at night and the queen had retired to bed very late and very tired. She wondered if the queen

had at all taken off her necklace and kept it under the pillow. She did what the maids had not dared to do. She examined her elder sister's person and then laughed aloud! Indeed, her guess was correct. The necklace was hanging around her neck!

The queen was happy. But suddenly a question came to her mind: "Has this incident anything to do with the sage's assurance that the necklace would help me find my soul?"

And the answer too came at once: "The necklace was on me, still I was looking for it. My soul is within me. Must I look for it somewhere outside?"

The queen began to concentrate within herself. She began to meditate on her soul. Soon she found deep peace and joy within herself.





# CHASING THE WILD GOOSE

Dheer and Heer, the young sons of the landlord, were found locked in a quarrel, standing on a hillock. Both had guns in their hands. Their shouts and gesticulations attracted the passers-by. Among them was the village teacher. He alone dared to go near them and enquire what they quarrelled about.

"I say we should make a stew of the wild goose," said Dheer.

"But I say it would taste better if roasted!" insisted Heer.

The teacher did not know whom to support. Luckily for him, the priest was going that way. The teacher put the problem before him. Afraid of both the young men, the priest too could not decide the issue. "You see, I have never tasted goose in any form. There goes the landlord's manager. He is an expert eater and he ought to know!" Thus the priest excused himself and called the manager.

The manager too was not prepared to take the risk of displeasing one of the young men. Luckily, he saw the landlord himself coming in that direction, riding his horse. He at once placed the issue before him.

"Let me see the goose," said the landlord gravely. There was no goose. It came out that a flock of wild geese was passing by. One of the young men took aim at it and said, "We will make a stew of the goose." The other one spoke out in favour of roasting it. Thus the quarrel arose. The geese disappeared in the bushes.

"Now, go home quietly, you fools! There will be no real dinner for you tonight. One of you can pass your night eating the stew in imagination. The other can eat the roast in the same way," said the landlord and he saw to it that his order was carried out.





**CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-16**

**TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE**

## WHO IS HE?

Once a young Brahmin braved into the sea with some of his followers. For weeks together their boats sailed on. At last they located a land. But as their boats approached the shore, they faced a hostile army. The young Brahmin saw that the army was led by a young woman! The young Brahmin raised his bow, but did not shoot any arrow. The woman on the shore also stood without any action. The young Brahmin stepped onto the shore and presented a piece of fine cloth to the woman. They married. The Brahmin founded a Hindu kingdom there. This was in A.D. 197.

Who was the young man? Which was the kingdom he founded?

## DO YOU KNOW?

1. Who coined the word Pakistan?
2. When was the word coined?
3. What do the letters signify?
4. Does the full word have any meaning?
5. What is the modern name of Lumbini where the Buddha was born?
6. How is the place identified?

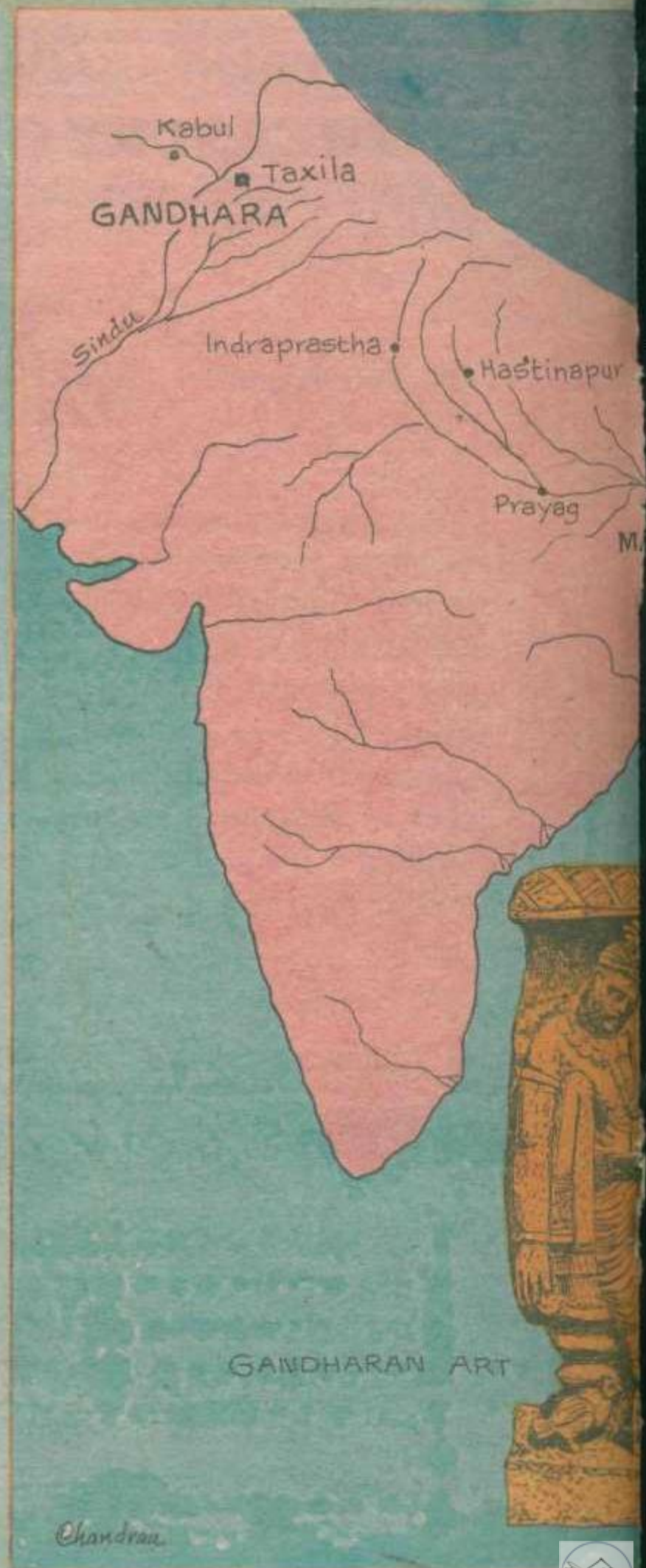


# GANDHARA AND THE GREAT UNIVERSITY OF TAXILA

The current map of the Indian continent would not show the name Gandhara written on any part of it. But is there anybody to whom the name is unfamiliar?

The ancient Indian literature refers to Gandhara frequently. The queen of the famous king, Dhritarashtra, was the princess of Gandhara and that is why she was known as Gandhari. Her brother, Shakuni, who was the King of Gandhara, was notorious for his role in the conflict between the Pandavas and the Kauravas.

The kingdom of Gandhara lay spread on both the banks of the river Sindhu. The area is now





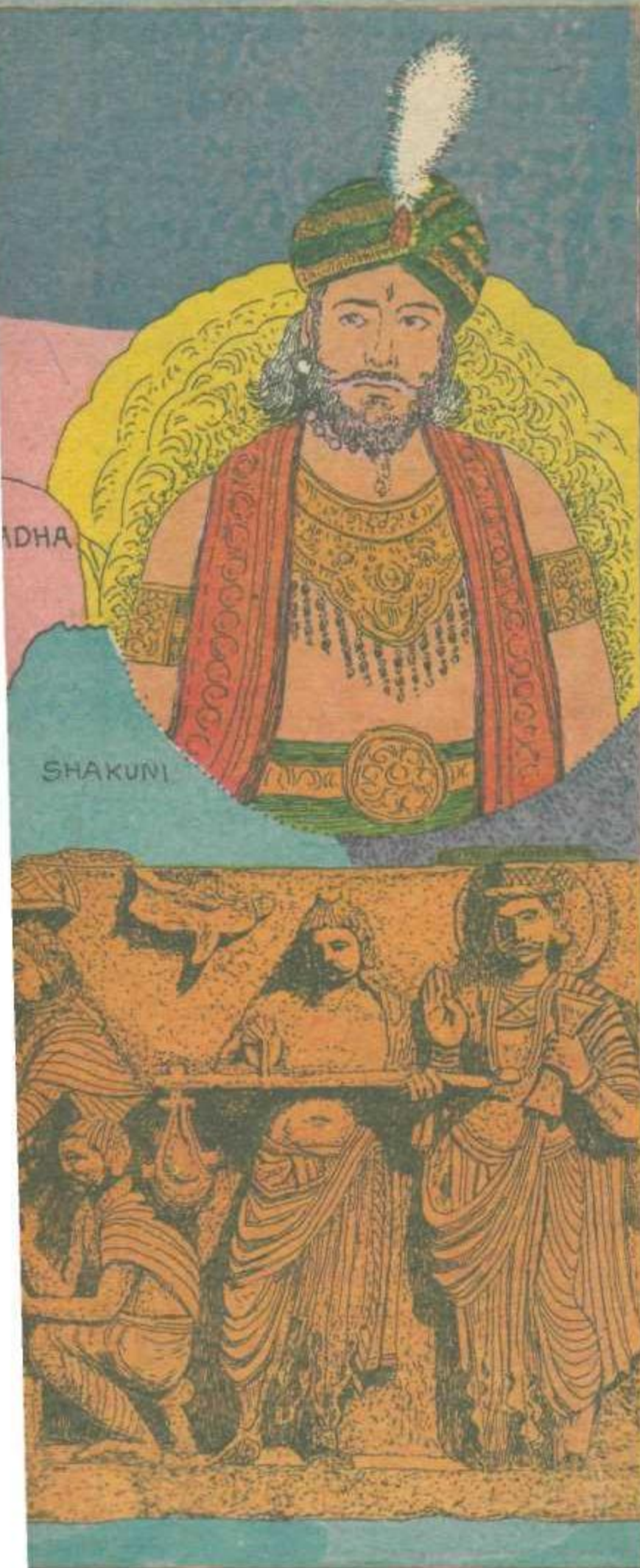
known as Rawalpindi and Peshawar districts of Pakistan.

Gandhara continued to be a prosperous kingdom even after the mythological era. Its two cities, Taxila (Takshashila) and Pushkalavati were seats of education, culture and commerce.

The ruins of Taxila are found near a railway station named Sarai-Kola, a little over 30 kms. from Rawalpindi. This great institution of learning gave the world of yesterday many illustrious scholars. For example, in the 5th century B.C. Jivaka, the legendary physician in the court of King Bimbisara of Magadha, studied medicine for seven years here.

For some years Gandhara was attached to the Persian empire. Greeks also conquered portions of it from time to time. That is how some foreign influence came into the sculpture of the region. To this day, the Gandhara School of Art has its distinction.

Peshawar is the gateway into the home of the Pathans. They are a brave and adventurous race. They live in valleys scattered amidst hills.





## LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Which two books give us the basic information about Lord Krishna?
2. Who was the poet who composed three different *Satakas* of hundred verses each on three subjects?
3. What are the three *Satakas*?
4. What was the poet by birth?
5. What is the earliest known Egyptian book called?
6. How old is the book?

### ANSWERS

#### WHO IS HE?

Kaundiniya who founded Kamboja Desha or Cambodia.

#### Do You Know?

1. Choudhury Rahmat Ali.
2. In 1933.
3. *P* for Punjab; *A* for Afghan (Frontier Province); *K* for Kashmir and *S* for Sind.
4. Yes. "The Land of the Pure".
5. Rummindei, situated in the Nepalese Terai.
6. By a stone-pillar built by Asoka which is still to be found.

#### Literature

1. The *Bhagavat Purana* and the *Mahabharata*.
2. Bhartrihari.
3. *Sringara* (Love) *Sataka*, *Vairagya* (Detachment) *Sataka* and *Niti* (Sound Conduct) *Sataka*.
4. According to legends, he was a prince of Ujjaini.
5. *The Book of the Dead*
6. A part of it prevailed even before 3200 B.C.





## THE BANDIT PRINCE

6

*(General Vir Singh has usurped the throne of Sumedh. Nobody knows what happened to the good young king, Shanti Dev. A young man who raised the question was taken prisoner. The old minister was unwilling to recognize Vir Singh as the new king. So Vir Singh tried to kill him, but a stranger came to the minister's rescue.)*

“My lord,” the Kotwal stammered out before Vir Singh in the morning. “Something very strange has happened.”

The false king was then loitering in the royal garden, imitating the style of the true king, Shanti Dev. But Shanti Dev enjoyed his stroll, for he loved Nature and his

mind was free from fear. Vir Singh had no love for Nature. For that matter he had no love for anything or anybody but himself. On the other hand he was afraid of many things. What happened to King Shanti Dev whom he failed to kill? How many people in the kingdom are against him? Are they conspiring

**A STRANGER STRIKES**





to harm him? Several such questions tormented him.

Nobody was expected to disturb him in the garden unless the matter was very serious. He grew apprehensive at the Kotwal's approach.

"Speak out what has happened!" he commanded, coming to a halt.

The Kotwal looked around. No, there was none to overhear them. "My lord!" he said after breathing in deeply. "The minister upon whom we set three assassins made good his escape!"

"Made good his escape? Despite three assassins confronting him? What kind of men did you

employ? Were they nanny-goats? How do they explain their failure?" demanded Vir Singh.

The Kotwal hung his head and stammered even more while trying to say that the assassins were no longer there to explain their failure!

"What! That means you did not send even nanny-goats, but only three lambs to kill the minister! How else can the old man finish off three fellows?" growled Vir Singh angrily.

"My lord, I am perplexed. The three assassins were found lying slain. I am sure, it is not our minister who could have done this to them. We have never seen the minister even handling a sword, what to speak of his using it against three expert murderers! It must have been someone else's handiwork," said the Kotwal.

"Who could that be?" asked Vir Singh.

"I have no idea, my lord. I have asked our best spies to find out what really happened," said the Kotwal most apologetically.

Vir Singh looked grim. He kept standing on the same spot for a rather long time and then said, "We must nip this threat to us in the bud. It seems there is a





conspiracy against us. We must put an end to it before the conspirators have been able to strengthen themselves. If we have to be ruthless to achieve our goal, we will be ruthless. Where is that young man who questioned about King Shanti Dev's fate? He must be one of the conspirators."

"My lord, we have questioned that young man whose name is Vasant. He does not seem to be a conspirator. But he is very obstinate. He still questions your claim to the throne," said the Kotwal.

"Don't speak rubbish. He must be one of the conspirators. How can a single individual be so bold as to question our authority? Torture him. He will confess," said the king.

"We have already put him to a lot of torture, but in vain," said the Kotwal.

"Then put him to death. Lead him to the execution ground through the town. Let everybody see what happens to a fellow who objects to our actions. Let him be hanged in the sight of the public. That would put fear into all the like-minded people," Vir Singh instructed.



Vasant's execution was duly announced. At the execution ground outside the city, the noose was fixed on the regular scaffold.

It was a pale afternoon. A thick fog had descended on the city when Vasant was led to the execution ground. That marred the pleasure of the Kotwal. Because, although some people had come out to the streets, they could not see the proud Kotwal distinctly. He was riding the third best horse in the kingdom, next to Vir Singh's and the new general's. He had put on a very gorgeous dress. Whether the people became awe-struck at



Vasant's fate or not did not really matter to him much! They must be overwhelmed by his grand personality.

"Get off the road! Clear out! Give way!" he shouted from time to time. This he did to attract the people's attention to himself. Nobody was really blocking the road. Two guards held Vasant and walked behind the Kotwal's horse. They were followed by two more guards. Even this much of caution was not necessary, because Vasant never showed any sign of revolt. Also, his hands were tightly bound by a thick rope.

But something unexpected

happened. Once while shouting, "Get off the road!" the Kotwal got the shock of his life. He was suddenly dragged off his horse. He fell down and sprawled on the ground. Next moment, with a lightning stroke of a sword, someone cut asunder the rope with which the prisoner's hands were bound.

"Come on, hop onto the horse behind me," said a mysterious voice. Vasant looked and saw a masked man. There was no time to lose. The mysterious man took hold of the horse, patted it and then rode it. Vasant followed suit. Both galloped away at great speed.





The guards stood stunned. They came to senses only when they heard the Kotwal's moaning. They rushed to his side and knelt down and made him sit up.

"Who pushed me off my horse? Where is the horse?" he asked.

"The horse is gone, Sir!" said another guard.

"Gone?" asked the Kotwal, betraying helplessness.

"The prisoner too is gone, Sir!" said another guard.

"Gone?" Then I too am gone! Finished!" yelled out the Kotwal. He could not say a word more because of terrible pains in his spine and hips.

The masked man rode into the forest and stopped in front of a cave. He and Vasant got down from the horse.

"I would be dead by this time but for your intervention," said Vasant gratefully.

"That is right. What is your fault?" asked the masked man.

"My fault is, I wanted to know what happened to our king Shanti Dev. How did General Vir Singh get the throne overnight. Instead of answering my question, they imprisoned me. It seems three guards were killed last night by some unknown hand. They suspected that I am a member of the gang which is out









to disturb Vir Singh's authority. That is why they wanted to kill me," replied the young man.

"But why are you so worried about King Shanti Dev's fate?" asked the masked man.

"Because he was the best of kings people have ever known. He was kind to all. We looked upon him as our father. Vir Singh is known to be cruel. After usurping the throne, he has already become a tyrant," replied the young man.

"Good. We must fight the tyrant, but not individually. We have to mobilise those who are against the tyrant," said the masked man.

"Are you the one who killed the three guards?" asked the young man.

"Yes. But I had no desire to do so. The guards were out to act as assassins. They were about to kill

the old minister of King Shanti Dev. There was no way to save the minister except by killing his would-be-killers! I do not like shedding blood of those who are either innocent or are at the mercy of their masters. I am happy that I could rescue you without killing any of those guards. Only cowards are fond of trying their arms on helpless and innocent people. We must be brave, for we are fighting for a noble cause. Now, proceed to Amritpur. There is an old temple dedicated to Mother Kali at the western end of the town. We will meet there."

The stranger told Vasant how to cross the forest through a short-cut and reach Amritpur. He also fetched for him some fruits from the interior of the cave.

**To continue**





## DRAG RACING ....

DRAG RACES ARE HELD OVER A QUARTER STRAIGHT MILE (402 M). SPEEDS OF OVER 320 KM/H CAN BE ATTAINED. CARS COMPETE IN PAIRS AND ARE OF VARIOUS CLASSES.

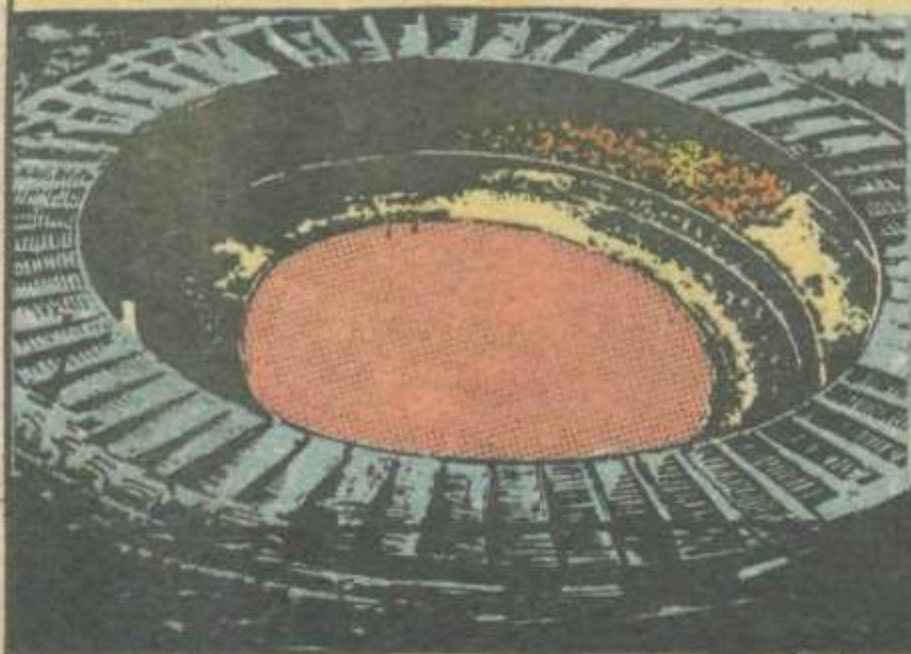


## MARATHON

THE STANDARD DISTANCE OF THE MARATHON HAS BEEN 26 MILES, 385 YDS (42.195 KM) SINCE 1924.



## LARGEST FOOTBALL STADIUM...



THE WORLD'S LARGEST FOOTBALL STADIUM IS THE MARACANA MUNICIPAL STADIUM IN RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL. IT CAN CONTAIN UP TO 205,000 PEOPLE.



## BUSY BEES

TO MAKE A POUND OF HONEY, BEES HAVE TO EXTRACT NECTAR FROM MORE THAN FOUR MILLION FLOWERS.



## UPSIDE-DOWN-FISH

THE AFRICAN CATFISH (*SYNODONTIS BATENSODA*) SWIMS UPSIDE DOWN JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE. THIS HELPS IT TO FEED EASILY FROM THE SURFACE FILM.

## LONG EARS

THE DESERT HARE HAS LARGER EARS THAN OTHER HARES. THESE HELP IT TO KEEP COOL. HEAT IS DISSIPATED TO THE ATMOSPHERE THROUGH THE EARS WHICH CONTAIN MANY BLOOD VESSELS.







## "COME TOMORROW"

**M**ark was a rich man. In fact, he was perhaps the richest man in the town. But he was also most notorious as a miser. Nobody had ever seen him spending a pice for any good cause or in giving alms.

One day, as Mark was walking through the town, a beggar spread his palms before him. "Sir, I have not eaten a morsel of food since two days. Kindly give me a pice!" he said in a touching voice.

In those days one could eat an ordinary meal at the cost of a pice. But Mark continued to walk, pretending as if he had not heard what the poor man said!

Luku, the caretaker of the local shrine, who happened to be there, took pity on both the beggar and Mark. He was a poor man himself, but he took out a pice from his pocket and gave it to the beggar.

Mark turned towards Luku and smiled and said, "Not that I did not wish to give a pice to this beggar, but I had no small change with me!"

"I understand. May I offer you a pice as a loan so that you can give it to the beggar?" asked Luku.

"Luku, it is not proper to encourage beggars by giving them so much at a time," observed Mark.

"In that case, why not treat the pice I gave him as yours? You can return it to me!" proposed Luku.

Mark thought over it for a moment and said, "That is a good idea. All right. Consider the pice you gave to the beggar as a loan given to me. But mind you, I do not like to remain indebted to people. Please come to my house and take back your pice from me."

"Thank you. I will do so," said



Luku. Next day he went to Mark's house to realise the pice. Mark smiled and said, "Are you already here for your pice, my brother? The problem is, I do not have small coins even now. Will you mind coming tomorrow?"

Luku went away, but was back with Mark again the next day.

"I don't want you to go back empty-handed today. Although I do not have small coins with me, I can give you a gold mohur. Please deduct your pice from it and give me ninety-nine rupees and ninety-nine pice," said Mark with a broad smile.

Luku knew that if one goes to a shop and wants coins for a gold mohur without buying anything, the shop-keeper keeps for himself two pice! Luku understood that the miser wanted to have changes by paying one pice less!

"Gentleman, you know that I am a poor watchman whose annual income is worth less than one gold mohur. How can I have on me so much money? Better I come tomorrow. Please keep my pice ready," he said.

"Welcome," said Mark.

Next day, as soon as he saw Luku coming, he told his wife, "I will lie down as if I were dead. Pretend to shed tears. Why lose a



pice on this fellow?"

And he lay as if he were dead! Luku saw through the situation. "My sister," he spoke to Mark's wife, "I am so sorry that the land is deprived of such a generous, kind-hearted, gracious philanthrope like your husband. Only the other day he made a wretched beggar wealthy by bestowing upon him a full pice! Of course, he borrowed it from me and I have been running to him for realising the sum! Let us forget about that now. But, as you know, according to the custom of our community, it is the duty of a friend to bathe the dead and to put him in a coffin. So, let me do the needful."



Luku fetched from Mark's kitchen a potful of boiling water and threw it on Mark. But Mark made no movement. Luku then fetched a coffin from the shrine and put Mark in it and told Mark's wife, "My widowed sister, as you know, it is the custom of our community to bury the dead only during the day. Since it is already evening, your husband's dead body has to be kept in the shrine for the night."

So saying, Luku dragged the coffin into the shrine. Even then Mark lay still. It was night. Four burglars entered the shrine in order to sit down in that lonely place and divide their booty. Luku observed them, hiding behind a pillar. After the burglars had made four equal portions of their booty, one dagger with a golden handle was found to have remained a surplus item. "Who

will take it?" they debated among themselves. Suddenly Luku spoke out from his hiding, "There is a body in the open coffin. One who can cut it to pieces will possess the dagger!"

"What! Must you cut me to pieces?" exclaimed Mark, sitting up.

For the burglars it was a strange experience. They took it to be a matter between two ghosts. They took to their heels, leaving their booty behind.

"Good. Let us now share it," Luku proposed to Mark who jumped at the idea. They divided the wealth between themselves. Then Luku said, "Now that you have received so much wealth for nothing, I hope you would not mind returning my pice! Your share includes some small coins!"

"Come tomorrow," said Mark with a broad smile.





**NEW TALES OF KING  
VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE**

**THE KING'S  
CHOICE**

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke, "O King, I do not know what goal you wish to achieve through such labours. Surely, you have some goal in your mind. But the kings as a class are whimsical people. I wonder if you will care for your own goal once you have achieved it. Let me make my point clear through an illustration. Pay attention to my







narration. It might bring you some relief.”

The vampire went on: “In days gone by King Chandradev ruled over the kingdom of Dakshin-puri. He had no son, but had a daughter, Lakshmi. However, two young sons of two different distant cousins of the king lived in his palace. One of them was Subroto, the other was Virbahu. Both were handsome and smart. They were also quite courteous and obedient to the king.”

“One of them should marry our daughter. It is already time for us to make our choice,” one day the queen told the king.

“Who is your choice?” asked

the king.

“Both are good. But I like Virbahu more. He is more handsome than Subroto,” said the queen.

“But I like Subroto. In any case the scale of our judgement should not tilt in someone’s favour merely because he is more handsome. Physical charm is a dubious quality. If a man is ugly in mind, that ugliness will show and no degree of physical charm can hide it. On the other hand, if a person has a noble mind, those who know that mind will never care for his physical appearance,” said the king.

“I believe Virbahu has a noble mind along with a handsome figure,” said the queen.

“I think Subroto is more intelligent,” said the king. “Anyway, we must try both of them,” he said in confidence.

Next day, the king instructed both the young men to proceed to a frontier district of his kingdom named Dhangram. “You see, the village officials of Dhangram have failed to submit the taxes they must have realised from the people. Go and realise the dues from them. Virbahu can take charge of northern Dhangram





and Subroto of southern Dhangram. But you should camp at our mansion at Dhangram and come back together. I am not sending any bodyguard with you. Do you know why? It is because I want to see whether you are capable of guarding yourself and your wealth or not. In future I may like to make one of you the general of our army!"

The two young men were happy with the responsibility given to them. They set out for Dhangram. The king called the son of his minister, Krishnakumar, and asked him to follow the two young men and to keep an eye on them in disguise.

The village officials began to submit their dues to Virbahu and Subroto. The young men were not required to move from village to village. Most of the officials met them at the royal mansion and submitted their dues and took receipts. The work was over in a fortnight.

In the morning the two friends were to leave for the capital. At midnight someone knocked on Virbahu's door. As soon as Virbahu opened it, a masked man confronted him with a dagger and pushed him into a corner of the room and lifted the bag containing the gold mohurs and swiftly came out and chained







the room from outside.

Then he ran into the darkness.

After a while Virbahu called for help. Guards of the mansion came and opened the door. Soon Subroto also arrived on the spot. Virbahu was too depressed to speak. However, after he came out of his state of shock, he narrated to them what had happened. All were surprised. "We never knew that there was any bandit in this area!" said the guards of the mansion. "And to rob the king's viceroy could not have been the job of an ordinary bandit. We may have to face the new menace again in the days to come," said their chief.

The two young men returned to the capital. While Subroto submitted the part of the revenue he had realised, Virbahu had nothing to offer but a few drops of tears.

"Never mind, young man, even I could not have done better in your position. Who would have expected a bandit in the royal mansion itself?" said the king, consoling Virbahu.

Subroto moved about very proudly, sure that he alone was left in the race for the king's higher favours.

In the evening, Krishnakumar met the king privately. Quietly he placed a money-bag before him. "This is the bag Virbahu lost, my lord," he said.

"Is it you who snatched it from him?" asked the king quite curious.

"No, my lord, you had not instructed me to do such a thing!" said Krishnakumar. "I confronted the bandit as soon as he was in the street and snatched it from him."

"Did you try to catch him?" asked the king.

"I did not. I could have caught him or wounded him or killed him. But I did not do any such



thing because I knew who he was, although he had put on a mask. Anyway, I snatched his mask too. At once he turned back and ran into the mansion," said Krishnakumar.

"Into the mansion?"

"Yes, my lord, for he occupied the room next to that of Virbahu."

"I understand. But even then you could have caught him, because what he had done was a crime!" observed the king.

"My lord, I know that he would be back here and you can punish him if you so please. He does not know that someone has recognised him. I was in disguise. He must have taken me to be a bandit," said Krishnakumar.

At night the king told the queen, "I have my plan for the choice of my heir, subject to your approval."

"Virbahu cut a sorry figure I am sure Subroto is your choice," said the queen.

"No. My choice is Krishnakumar. He is most dutiful, brave and conscientious. He knows how much to do and where to stop. He is free from greed. These qualities makes him the best candidate for the position of the



crown-prince," said the king.

The queen kept quiet for a moment and then smiled and said, "It is surprising that I had never thought of that possibility. I agree with you. The princess, I know, likes him," said the queen.

The princess was duly married to Krishnakumar.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone, "Krishnakumar did what any official would have done. What was so special in his conduct? He was no doubt dutiful and brave, but how was it proved that he was



conscientious and free from greed? Why was the king so deeply impressed by him? Answer my questions if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "Needless to say, the bandit who took away Virbahu's money is none other than Subroto. He wanted to prove that he was efficient and Virbahu was not. Both Virbahu and Subroto disqualified themselves, Virbahu because of his inefficiency and Subroto because of his crime. On the other hand, Krishnakumar proved himself not only dutiful and brave, but also conscientious and free from greed. He proved himself conscientious by not exposing Subroto at Dhangram.

To expose a nephew of the king who was also the king's viceroy as a criminal would have been very embarrassing. It would have created a bad impression among the people about the king's relatives. So, he brought Subroto's crime to the king's notice so that the king can punish him if he so wishes. Not to overdo anything is a great quality. Krishnakumar had that quality. When he snatched the money from Subroto, he was in disguise. Nobody would know who he was. So, he could have kept that money for himself. But he proved that he had no greed. Hence the king was entirely justified in his estimate of Krishnakumar."

No sooner had King Vikram finished giving the answers than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.







## OF WORK AND PRAYER

**D**ilip and Kishan raised an orchard together. The two were great friends. The land belonged to Dilip, while it was Kishan who spent money on it.

There was an excellent crop. Both the friends were happy. The villagers who saw the orchard appreciated it very much.

"My labours have yielded the result," said Kishan. No doubt, Kishan had worked hard on the field.

"So have my prayers. I was always praying before the plants," said Dilip.

"Don't boast of your prayers. Prayers cannot yield a good crop, only hard labour can," said Kishan.

The two friends quarrelled, of course in a friendly spirit. Their quarrel was overheard by their third friend—Jeewan, owner of

the village grocery shop. The two friends had gone to him to buy some paddy. He laughed and said, "I will give you two bagfuls of paddy. I want them to change into rice by morning. Let Kishan apply his labour and let Dilip apply his prayer. Let us see who succeeds in the work."

All the three friends then laughed and they forgot the issue. In the morning Dilip was surprised to see the bagful of paddy changed into rice! He ran to Kishan's house. Kishan was surprised that though he had beaten the paddy into rice at night, they had changed back into paddy by morning.

Both were bewildered. The fact was that a burglar had stolen Dilip's bag at night. But when he entered Kishan's house and saw rice there, he left the paddy bag





and decamped with the rice bag!

On the way back home from Kishan's house he was chased by the public and in a hurry he threw the rice bag on Dilip's verandah and somehow managed to escape.

The friends did not know this. Their grocer friend heard the "miracle" and said, "I do not know how it happened. It seems

to be a joke by some spirits! But it is perhaps meant to remind us that both work and prayer have their great roles to play in our life. Who can say that prayers do not help in the lush growth of plants? Thoughts have vibrations. Prayerful vibrations may help in the growth of Nature's wealth!"

Dilip and Kishan agreed and said, "We must work and pray!"

## THE IMAGINATIVE CANDIDATE

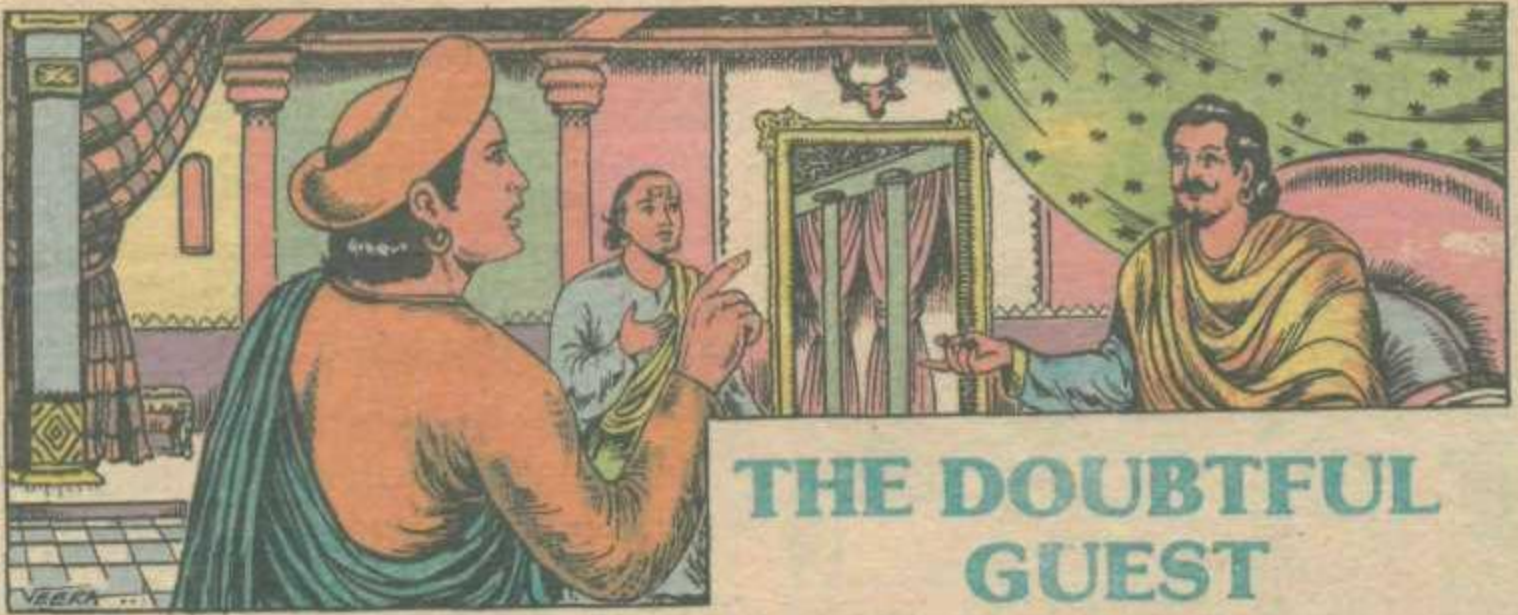
Subas was selected for the job on the basis of his bio-data. But soon the boss found out that what he had written was not true. He called Subas and asked, "You wrote that you had worked for two years as a correspondent of a great newspaper; you had worked for another year as a sub-editor of a distinguished monthly. But are these true?"

"Sir, did your advertisement not say

that the candidate must have imagination?" challenged Subas.







## THE DOUBTFUL GUEST

**B**hupati Verma, the landlord of Shraddhapur, took ill. The village physician cured him of his disease, but his health remained very weak.

"Sir, you need a change in climate. I know of a village which enjoys an extremely healthy climate. A month's sojourn there will do you very good.

"Is that so? Which is that village?" asked Verma.

"Shripur, twenty-seven miles away. It is a village situated between a range of lovely hills and a lake with mineral water. Very few people know about the speciality of that village. You should pass a full month there, without bothering in the least on the problems of your estates. Nobody from your family or from your village should disturb you. Whatever simple food is

available there should satisfy you," said the physician.

Verma remembered that one of his distant cousins lived in Shripur. But he had also heard that the cousin was no more. He did not know anything regarding his relative's family. However, since there was no inn or guest-house at Shripur, he must be prepared to stay in this relative's house!

His horse-drawn carriage reached the relative's house at Shripur. Vimla Devi, the widow of his relative, was surprised to see him alighting from the carriage. She had seen him at some religious function at the house of a common relative some twenty years ago. But she could recognise him without any difficulty.

"Bhaviji!" Verma addressed Vimla Devi as one should







address one's elder brother's wife and greeted her with folded hands and said, "I will explain to you the cause of my visit after I am a bit relaxed."

"Oh yes, there is no hurry about it. We are delighted to see you," said Vimla Devi. She and her daughter Pratima made a cosy bed for him and cooked the best dinner they could cook.

Verma relished every dish and said, "Bhaviji, I never knew that items cooked with very little spices could taste so nice! I am thrilled at the prospect of eating such food for a full month. Fearing that I may not get good food here, I brought with me

varieties of pickles. But that was foolish of me. Yes, Bhaviji, I should tell you that I am here for recovering my lost health. I propose to be here, under your shelter, for a full month."

"That is good," said Vimla Devi in a dry voice. How can she cook so many items for him day after day for a full month? Neither she could spend so much money nor she would like to work so hard!

"Don't you worry, Mother! The guest seems to be a good man. He may not like your labour to go unrewarded. Don't forget that he is a wealthy landlord," Pratima whispered to Vimla Devi.

"But what can we do if he does not pay us anything? I am striving hard to collect a little money keeping your marriage in view. Must I spend from that meagre saving?" grumbled Vimla Devi.

Next day, Verma was served with nothing more than plain rice, an item of pulse and some boiled beans. Verma looked pale at the sight of the poor dishes. But Vimla Devi hurried to explain, "Brother Bhupati, I did not know that you had been unwell. I should not give you



anything except the simplest food. You may make use of the pickles you brought with you!”.

Verma smiled and said, “Bhaviji, I am afraid, I have hurt your feeling by bringing those pickles. I meant it when I said that it was foolish of me. Kindly continue to cook as you cooked yesterday. I have been eating those pickles for years. But where do I get the chance of eating items prepared by your blessed hands? No, there is no fear of any set-back in my health on account of food!”

Pratima whispered to her mother, “Do you realise how noble our guest is? You have

cooked poor dishes because you do not like to spend money on him. But he takes it as your concern for his health!”

“Let him take it as he would like to. But I will not be able to cook for him according to his demand!”

Vimla Devi continued to serve Verma with the simplest menu. Verma requested her a few times to cook as she cooked for his first dinner, but she did not oblige him. Days passed. Verma was reconciled to the situation. But he was very happy at Shripur. He spent his time talking to Pratima and enjoying strolls along the





banks of the lake in her company. His health improved.

"Our noble guest seems to have clean forgotten to pay us anything!" Vimla Devi observed before her daughter, after the guest had been with them for a fortnight.

"Mother, what are you spending on him that he should pay you?" protested Pratima.

Another fortnight passed and it was time for Verma to leave for his home. There was no sign of his willingness to pay any money to Vimla Devi. Once she told him how much worried she felt on account of Pratima's marriage which should take place as soon as possible. She expected Verma to promise some help. But he only asked, "Have you found a suitable match for her?" "No, not yet," said Vimla Devi. Verma

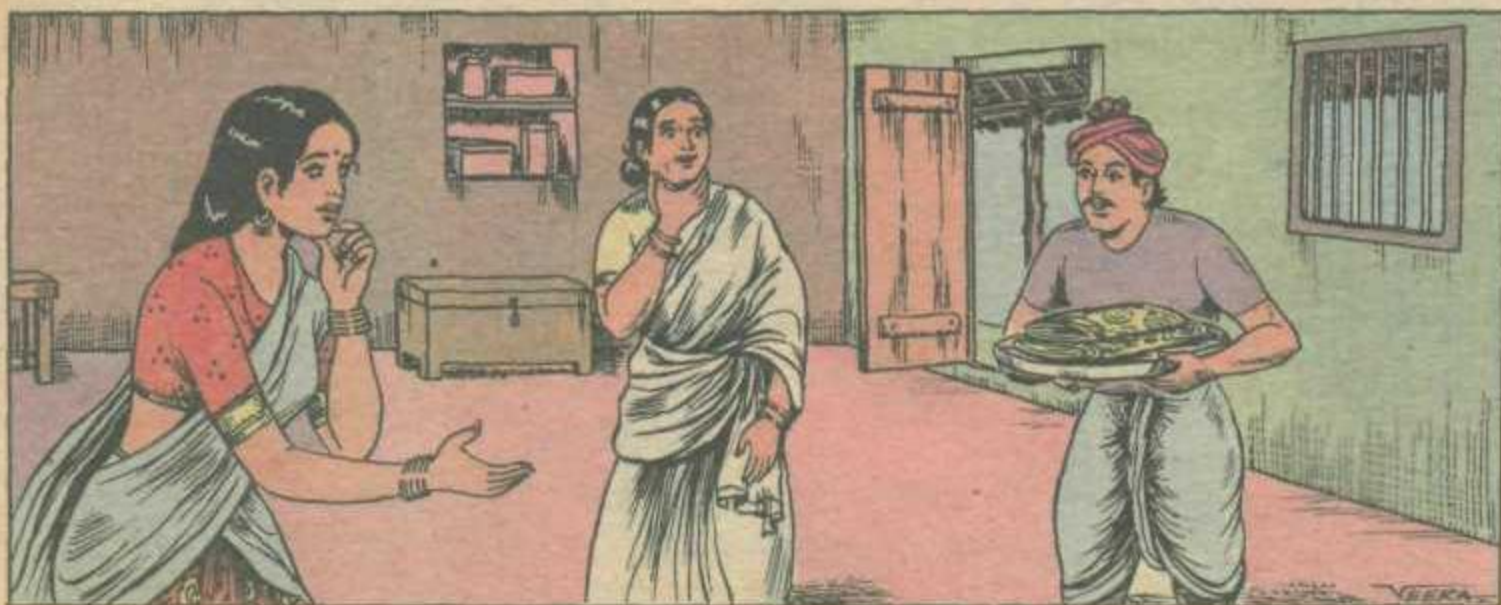
kept quiet thereafter.

At last his carriage arrived to take him home. He thanked Vimla Devi and Pratima profusely and boarded the carriage and left for his village. Vimla Devi sighed and told Pratima, "Well, our noble guest has left! I don't know what proof of his nobility you got, but I got none!"

Pratima kept quiet.

The very next day the landlord's manager arrived there with gifts for Vimla Devi and Pratima and five thousand rupees in cash. What is more, he brought the proposal for Pratima's marriage with the landlord's son. Also, the landlord had offered to bear all the expenses for the wedding.

Vimla Devi was in tears. She hugged Pratima and said, "You had understood his true character; but I had failed in that."





# HOW IS THE CROCODILE DIFFERENT FROM THE ALLIGATOR?

Mouri Bhowmik of Barvili West, Bombay, had an argument with her daddy on the issue of the reptiles: Whether alligators, crocodiles and gharials can be used as synonyms or not.

The first two are often used as synonyms, but strictly speaking they are different from each other. The alligator has a broader snout. It was an American reptile, to begin with. The crocodile came from the Nile. It is marked by bony scutes and horny scales.

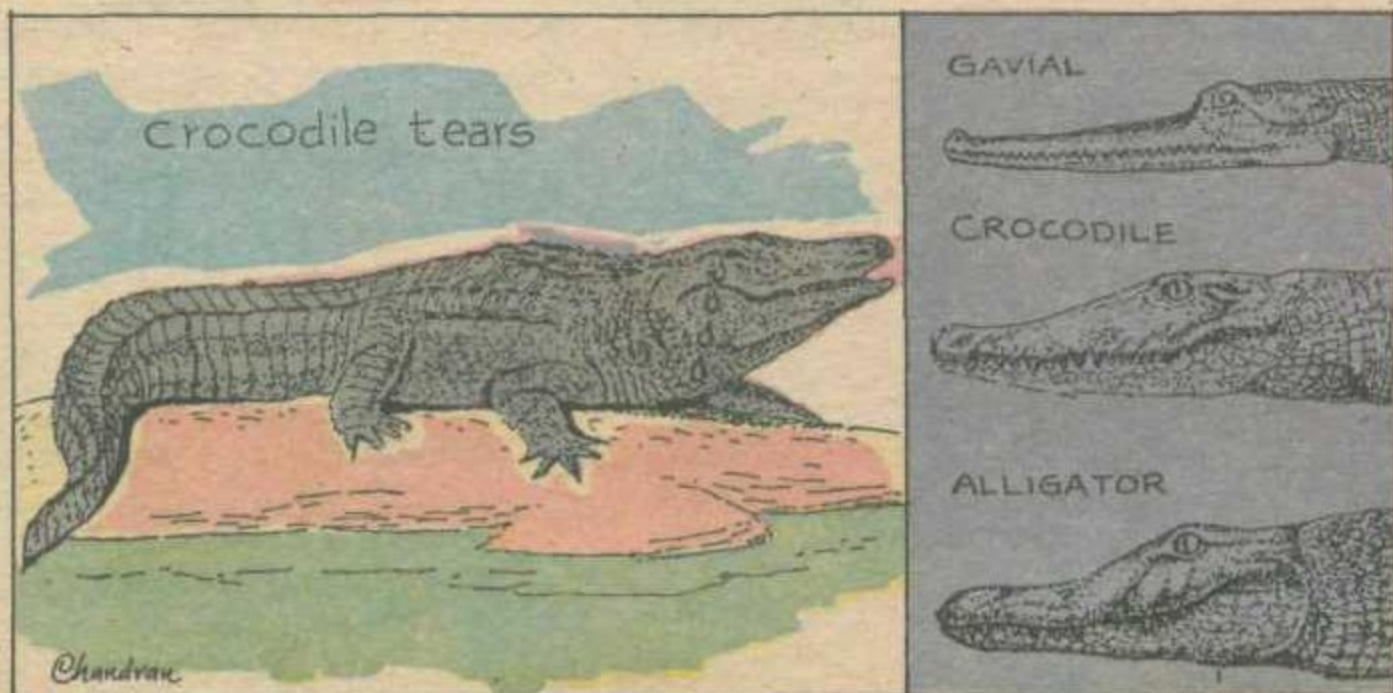
The gharial (also known as garial and gavial) is a typical Indian crocodile. Its muzzle is quite long though slender.

Crocodile is the term used to cover the species in general.

In olden days there prevailed a belief that the crocodile shed tears while eating its human prey. This it did to show to the world that even though it had to kill a creature for the sake of survival, it was repentant for its action. From this belief comes the phrase, **Crocodile tears**, meaning false grief. Another version of the legend says that the crocodile hides behind a bush on the river-bank and moans and sighs like a human being in distress. A passer-by who hears the sound is misled to believe that some human being is in trouble. He comes near the bush. The crocodile catches him and drags him into the water. This belief made Shakespeare write:

As the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.

(Henry VI, Part II, III-i)







## LET US KNOW

**Are there living creatures on other planets?**

**—Saish Rang, Bombay**

Man has been curious on this question since the time he came to know that the planets were huge celestial bodies, most of them much larger than our earth. But no conclusive answer has come forth. Needless to say, there is a difference between life and living creature. When we speak of the "living creatures", we mean some kind of animals or birds or insects with which we are familiar. We have no proof of the existence of any such creature on any of the planets so far examined. But the existence of life in some form cannot be ruled out. In fact, according to the Vedantic concept, even matter is a form of consciousness.

We like to speculate about some intelligent beings inhabiting some distant planet. The occasional sighting of UFOs strengthen this speculation. Are these flying objects some vehicles or instruments sent by the creatures of some planet? If so, why don't they openly descend and identify themselves? This is a mystery.

But, surely, the mystery will be one day resolved.

*Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.*





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THE 8TH CENTURY SHIV TEMPLE AT ELLORA  
—IT BRINGS OUT THE POET IN NANCY

# 4 FOR BHARAT

"WHISPERS THAT TRAVEL THROUGH TIME..." WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

THE FEARLESS FOUR—YUSUF THE CHIEF, GURUSWAMY THE BRAIN, NANCY THE EXPLORER AND PARAM THE BRAVE. ALWAYS LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE AND NEVER LETTING WRONGS GO UNCHALLENGED.

I ASKED A QUESTION, GURU. HOW DOES THAT LINE SOUND?

'SILENCE' WAS HIS ANSWER, BECAUSE A WHISPER DOESN'T MAKE ANY SOUND!

VERY FUNNY, PARAM. HA....HA!

LOOK AT THIS SUPERB ROCK-CARVED ELEPHANT.

A HUGE HALL SURROUNDED BY ROOMS WHERE MONKS LIVED AND PRAYED... THE TEMPLE WAS CARVED OUT OF THE CLIFF... 4 LAKH TONS OF ROCK WERE REMOVED...

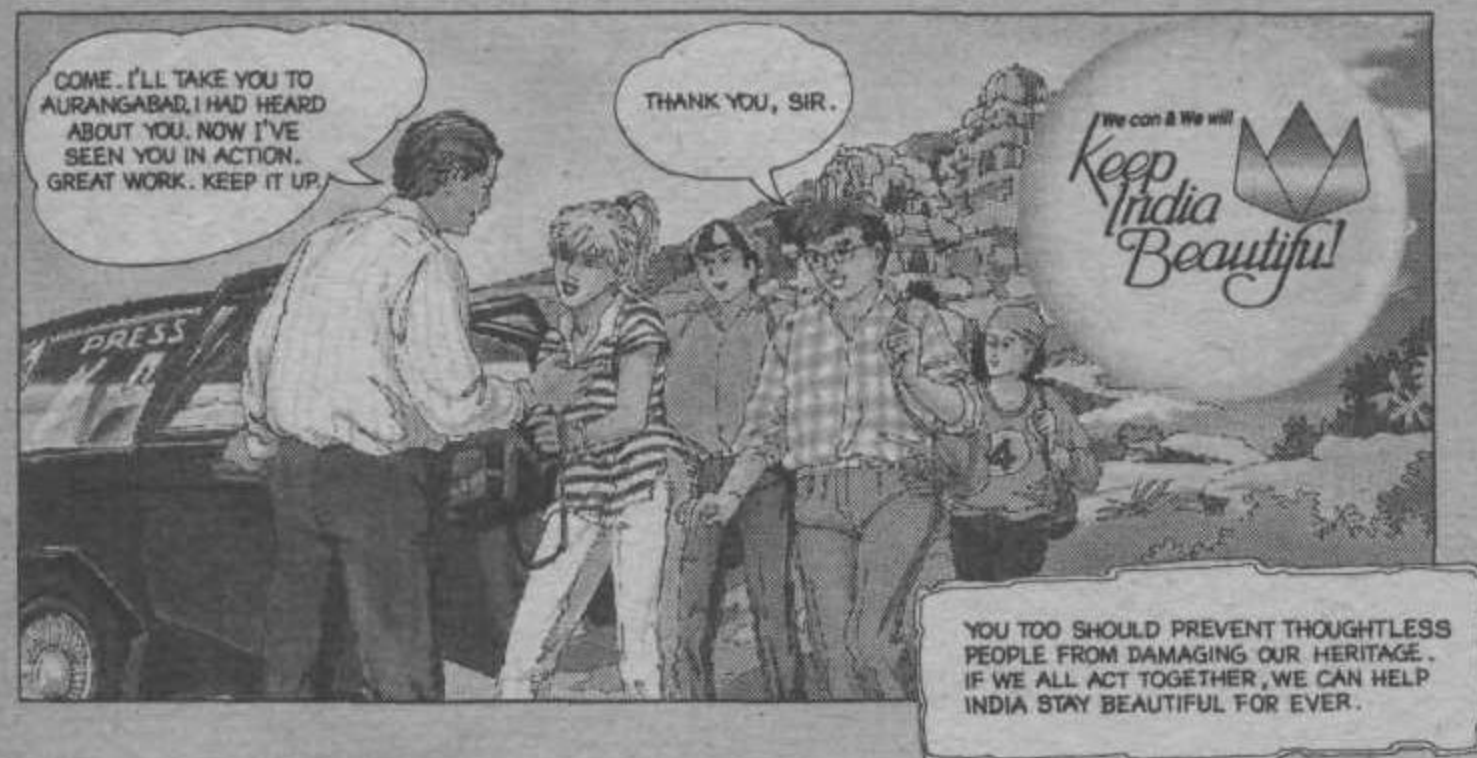
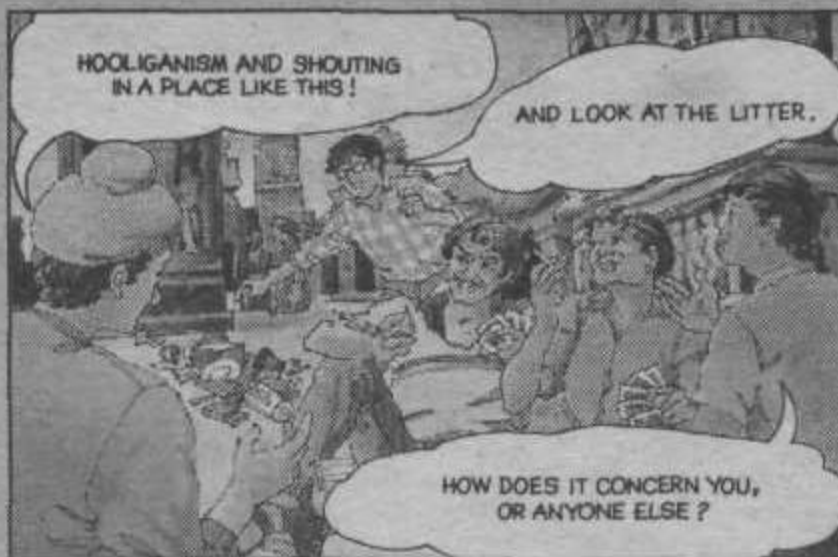
AS THEY EXPLORE INDIA'S LARGEST ROCK-CUT TEMPLE...

IMAGINE THE NUMBER OF WORKERS INVOLVED...

"WHISPERS THAT TRAVEL..." SHHH! YUSUF, LISTEN...









## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



S.B. Prasad



A.L. Syed

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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The Prize for Jan'90 goes to:—

V. Balaji,  
S/o N. Viswanathan, 19/87, Gautham Nagar,  
Malkajgiri, Hyderabad.

The Winning Entry:- "Isn't water delicious" & "H'mm, But also precious"

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## PICKS FROM THE WISE

In what can wisdom not prevail?

—Panchatantra

Choose the best part of every science, as the bee sips the most delicate part of the flower.

—Hazrat Ali

But there is a taint worse than all taints—ignorance is the greatest taint.

—Dhammapada





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